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SECRETS OF HYPNOTISM

Some Practical Illustrations.

PROF. CARL SIXTUS, OF CHICAGO, GIVES AN EXHIBITION OF HIS STRANGE POWER—HISTORY OF A MYSTERIOUS BRANCH OF SCIENCE—CURING NERVOUS DISEASES.

To THE EDITOR:—Hypnotism is always an exceedingly fascinating study. Its experiments are always interesting. Without the existence of its underlying principles, there would be no Spiritualism on this earth to-day. The following, from the Chicago *Herald*, will be read with deep interest:

In the window of a house on Wabash avenue, not far from the Auditorium building, a little, square, black sign with white letters peeps out upon the passers-by and conveys the information that within is the abode of Carl Sixtus, hypnotist. It is in this modest fashion that hypnotism, perhaps the greatest discovery of science, makes its bow to Chicago.

Carl Sixtus is a small man with a light brown mustache—a man who would pass through a throng unnoticed, unless you caught sight of his eye. If by chance your eye should meet his you might not feel a trembling in your limbs, but you certainly would say to yourself: "Here is a remarkable man." For his eye is one of those things which possess a strange fascination for the beholder. As an organ of vision it perhaps does not differ from others. It is brown in color, and the pupil is large and healthy-looking. Thousands of men in Chicago have similar eyes. But this eye has a mysterious power, which is felt by every one who is fixed with it. This power the most learned physician would despair of locating and describing, and it has no scientific name. Still, it exists. It is the power that comes as the result of years of constant command. It probably gleamed in the eyes of Cæsar and Napoleon. But there is this difference: Napoleon swayed men's bodies; the hypnotist dominates men's minds. The subject obeyed the commands of the emperor, because he knew that it was to the interest of his peace and happiness not to disobey him who had power to kill or torture him: the subject obeys Carl Sixtus because he cannot help it.

A few evenings ago Mr. Sixtus gave a private seance, to which reporters from the *Herald* were invited, among others. The room in which the experiments took place did not look different from the ordinary parlor. In one corner stood a piano, a marble-topped table occupied the center of the apartment, and two or three indifferent paintings adorned the walls. The guests were grouped around the sides of the room in chairs. The seance began without preparations of any sort. As none of those present were willing to be operated upon, the experiments necessarily were confined to the person of one of Mr. Sixtus' patients, a woman about twenty-[illegible] years of age. She was apparently of a sanguine temperament, having very fair complexion, light yellow hair and pale blue eyes. She said that she had been hypnotized on several occasions, and was a good subject. This assertion Mr. Sixtus *confirmed*. The subject, who was called Marie, placed herself in an easy-chair, and assumed the most comfortable position. The operator then placed in her hands a small metal button, painted black, with the exception of the center, which was of the color of silver. She was now requested to fix her gaze upon the bright center of this disk, and to concentrate her mind upon the idea of sleep. The operator stood in front of her, and began, in a low tone of voice, to repeat Bernheim's formula:

FROM LETHARGY TO CATALEPSY.

"Think of nothing but sleep. Your eyelids begin to feel heavy. Your eyes are tired. They begin to wink; they are getting moist; you cannot see distinctly. Your lids are closing, you can not open them again. Your arms feel heavy; so do your legs. You cannot feel anything. Your hands are motionless. You are nothing. You are going to sleep. Sleep!"

In five and one-half minutes the subject was found to be asleep. Her eyes were closed, she breathed regularly and heavily—in short, all the phenomena of sleep were present.

"But," objected one of the spectators, "she is not really asleep. It is impossible that she should go to sleep so quickly. She is only simulating sleep."

Mr. Sixtus said nothing, but quietly raised the subject's arm until it was stretched out on a level with the shoulder.

"You cannot lower your arm," he said to the subject; "it is immovable." The arm remained in the position in which the man had placed it. "Now," he added to the person who had spoken, "feel of her arm. You will see that the muscles are rigid, tetanized. She cannot move it. It is cataleptic."

The objector examined the arm. The muscles were fixed and hard, and it was impossible to bend it without using such great force as might break it. There was no doubt of the truth of what the hypnotist had said.

"Lower your arm," said the operator. The muscles relaxed, and the arm fell to the side.

"A very sad thing has occurred," the operator continued. "One of your friends has just died." Tears began to flow from Marie's eyes, at first gently, and then in a perfect stream. "It is a mistake, a false report that has been brought me. Your friend has recovered, and is now quite well." The tears stopped instantly. In like manner the subject was made to laugh and to sing. Various hallucinations were produced, and finally entire catalepsy. The subject was placed on two chairs, which supported her heels and the back of her head, as illustrated in an accompanying picture. The muscles of the body were perfectly rigid, and even the greatest pressure did not avail to bend the frame. The hypnosis was complete. After a number of equally interesting experiments, such as compelling Marie to believe that ammonia was cologne, and sticking needles through her flesh, the operator said:

THE SOMNAMBULIC STATE.

"In five minutes you will awake, and you will see all of those who were present except Mr. M. [designating one of the reporters]. Three minutes after you awake you will take that vase which you see on the mantel and hand it to Mr. C."

In exactly five minutes the subject stretched herself, yawned and awoke. She had absolutely no recollection of what had passed, and even denied that she had been asleep. In just three minutes she arose, went to the mantelpiece, took down the vase and handed it to Mr. C., saying: "I think this is such a pretty vase, don't you?" Thus she attempted to find an excuse for the impulse she felt but could not explain. Presently she turned to Mr. Sixtus and said: "Why, what has become of Mr. M.? He was here a few minutes ago. Did he have to go so soon?" At this time Mr. M. was in plain view, not three feet away. "Yes," replied the operator, "he was called away." Then, turning suddenly, he added: "Why, he did not go after all. There he sits," pointing to Mr. M. "Sure enough," promptly said Marie; "but he was not here a moment since. Where have you been, Mr. M.?"

On another occasion Mr. Sixtus hypnotized two little girls, aged respectively six and seven years. All that was required to put them in the hypnotic state was to close their eyes and tell them they were asleep. They were now in what is known as the lethargic condition. They answered questions, and did whatever they were told to do. The operator placed his hands on their heads and immediately they became somnambulists. Now Sixtus told them that the sky was open, and that they could see beautiful flowers, trees and fountains, and hear the singing of the birds. They looked up, and saw and heard these things. It was at this moment that the photograph from which the accompanying illustration is made was taken. The expression in the faces of the children is rapt and beautiful. The operator said to them: "The skies have closed." They no longer saw the flowers, and the music ceased for them. On being awakened, they remembered nothing. The same little girls were next day cast into lethargy. Sixtus opened their eyelids, and they remained open. They were now in the cataleptic stage of the hypnotic conditon. One of them was placed on two chairs, as in the picture, and the other was made to assume a rigid position on the prostrate body of the first. Thus they remained immovable while the photograph was being taken.

CATALEPTIC AND SOMNAMBULIC.

Perhaps the most interesting experiment ever performed by Sixtus, and of the most important in the history of hypnotism, was related by Louis Pio, editrr ot the *Samfundet*, the illustrated Scandinavian monthly of this city, who knew the hypnotist in Copenhagen. The experiment took place about three years ago. Mr. Aller, the editor of an influential and widely-circulated newspaper in the Danish capital, had been much interested in Sixtus' performances, and one day he sent him word to call at the office. Aller then requested Sixtus to make the attempt to hypnotize his son, who had been previously treated for a nervous affection, from a distance. He had already been hypnotized by Sixtus when he was in a house across the st.eet, and his father wanted to see if Sixtus could hypnotize him at a longer range. Accordingly Aller and Sixtus set tneir watches together, and having agreed that Sixtus should make the attempt at exactly 4 o'clock the same afternoon, the hypnotist set out for a small town eight miles away. Having arrived there, he telephoned Aller, who sent for his son, a man of twenty-four. A prominent physician and an inspector of police were invited to come in and witness the experiment and to testify to the absence of fraud. At 3:30 young Aller arrived at the office, and inquired what his father desired. Some excuse was made but he was not informed that he was going to be hynotized and hypnotism was not mentioned. The four men, young Aller, his father, the physician and the inspector, sat down in the editor's room and began to talk. All were smoking cigars. As the clock in the room finished striking 4 young Aller put down his cigar and fell back in his chair in the hynotic sleep. The first half of the experiment was a complete success, but it remained to be seen if he would awake in three minutes, as it had been agreed Sixtus would try to wake him. At precisely three minutes after 4 the young man opened his eyes, took up his cigar and put it in his mouth. It had gone out.

"It is strange," he said, "but whenever I get to talking I forget to smoke." He was unaware that he had been asleep. The experiment, remarkable as it was, was thus a complete success. Mr. Aller went to his telephoee and rang up Sixtus, eight miles away, informed him of the result and asked him to repeat the experiment twice at specified moments. It was done, each time successfully. Young Aller is now traveling in India, but as soon as he returns to Copenhagen the attempt will be made to hypnotize him from Chicago.

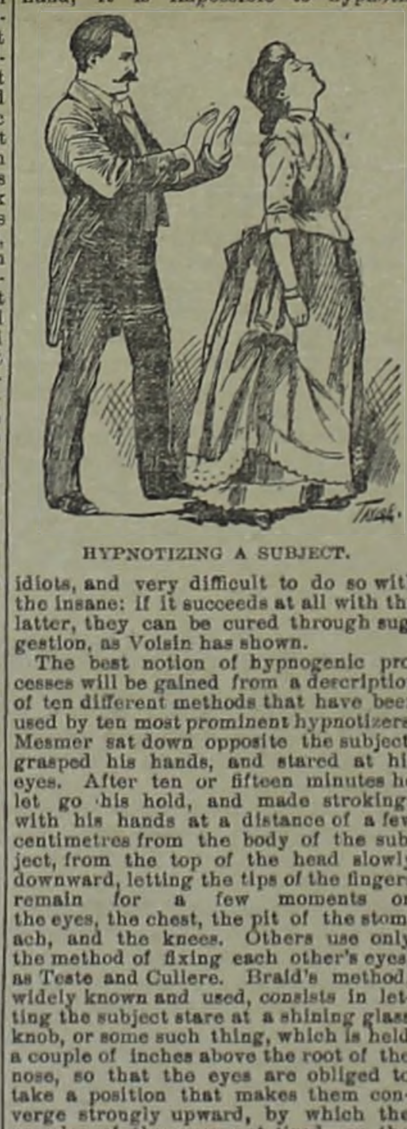
Hypnotism, as a branch of science, has existed only since 1842, when James Braid, a surgeon in Manchester, England, published a work which he called "Neurypnology," but hypnotism has been practiced from the earliest times. In Egypt, according to Bjoenstrom, there is a sect that for forty centuries has used it. In the middle of a white porcelain plate they draw with pen and ink two triangles that cross each other, fill the figure with cabalistic words, and pour oil over the plate to make it more shiny. By staring for some minutes at the middle of the triangles they easily fall asleep and enter the somnambulistic state. Others use only a ball of crystal. Similar agencies are used by Arabic sorcerers, Morocco marabouts and Hindu fakirs. They first draw in the hand a circle with a black spot in the center. Staring at this spot soon produces hypnotic sleep and loss of sensibility. The marabouts place on a table, covered with a clean cloth, a bottle filled with water in front of a lamp, and sleep is produced by fixing the eyes on the light in the focus of the bottle. The fakirs turn themselves rapidly about until dizziness results and hypnotic sleep follows. In Constantine the members of the tribe of Beni—Aaloussa sit down in a circle amid music from drums and castanets and perform first a number of voluntary swaying movements until with staring eyes, foaming mouths and bodies dripping with perspiration they fall into convulsions and insensibility, during which they pierce their flesh with daggers, walk on red-hot iron, swallow pieces of glass and so on, without the slightest pain, and finally, exhausted, fall into deep sleep. Frederick Anton Mesmer, after whose name hypnotism was long called, was one part man of science and three parts imposter. After proclaiming his discovery of animal magnetism, as he termed it, he moved from Switzerland, where he was born in 1734, to Paris. He was a shrewd advertiser, and soon his parlors in the Place Vendome became the rendezvous of the polite world. In the so-called "experimenting room" there stood in the middle of the floor a round tub, a "baquet," with a diameter of about five feet and provided with lid. On the bottom of it bottles were so placed that some had their necks converging toward the center, while others diverged outward. The tub was filled with water, so that the bottles were covered. Through the lid, which was pierced in several places, bent iron bars protruded. The walls of the room were covered with mirrors, by the reflection of which, according to Mesmer, the magnetism was increased. The bottles were all "magnetized" by the same hand. The patients were placed in a circle around the tub, or "baquet," and so close together that they were in contact with each other's knees. Each one held in his hand one of the iron bars which protruded from the "baquet." All the patients were mutually connected through a cord twisted around each one's waist, so that the magnetic force might thus the more easily pass from one to another. A mystic twilight prevailed in the room. The ear was charmed by sweet melodies played on harp and piano and during the pauses a harmonium sounded its soft vibrating tones. First one then another began to experience strange sensations and twitchings, which were soon imparted to all of them. Then Mesmer solemnly entered, dressed in a violet robe of embroidered silk and holding in his hand an iron staff. With majestic dignity he walked around and stroked the patients. Within a short time the healing crisis appeared. Various hysterical attacks took place. The patients jumped up, wept, laughed, embraced each other, beat the walls, had convulsions, rolled on the floor, etc. But they were all blindly submissive to the magnetizer, and were immediately wakened by his slightest gesture, by his mere glance. In this way many marvelous cures were effected. There is no question of that; but modern science has shown that the "baquet" had nothing to do with them. It was hypnotism and the cures were made by suggestion.

THE CATALEPTIC.

It was while studying mesmerism with a view to expose the impostures of Messner and the band of his followers that James Braid began the scientific development of the subject. He then found that at least one phenomenon did not depend upon imposture—viz., the spasmodic closing of the eyelids—Thinking that this spasm must result from fatigue in certain muscles of the eye, he had his friend Walker gaze fixedly at the neck of a bottle, and within three minutes his eyes closed, tears ran down his cheeks, his head dropped—a sigh—and he fell in a deep sleep. The experiment was repeated on Braid's wife and on a servant girl, with the same result. He now tried the procedures of Mesmer with equal success. From this he concluded that the magnetic phenomena must be attributed to a disturbance of the nervous system, produced by a concentration of the visual powers, the absolute repose of the body and the fixing of the attention; that all depended upon the physical and psychical condition of the subject, not on the will of the magnetizer, nor on any magnetic fluid, nor on any general mystic agent. Accordingly he let the subjectivity of the sleeper play the main role and he explained numerous somnambulistic phenomena by a morbidly increased sensibility—hyperæsthesia. Braid's work attracted much attention, and physicians in every part of Europe began to investigate, and during the last decade hypnotism has become the foremost subject in European neuropathology. Since July, 1886, it has had its own scientific journal, *La Revue d'Hypnotisme*, published monthly in Paris.

Hypnotism (from the Greek word *hypnos*, sleep) is the science of the sleep-like state which manifests itself by various nervous phenomena, and is produced by a special influence on the nervous system, exerted by another, and also, though more rarely, by spontaneous action. To throw anybody into such a state is to hypnotize him. The sleeper is hypnotized, is in hypnosis, the hypnotic state. The first question naturally is: What persons are susceptible to hypnotism? The answer is: Nearly everybody. Formerly it was supposed that only weak, sickly, nervous persons, and especially hysterical women, were susceptible to hypnotism. Later experiences, and particularly the elaborate statistics of Dr. Liebault, of Nancy, France, have shown that very few persons cannot be hypnotized. A difference, however, must be made between those whom it is easy and those whom it is difficult to hypnotize. Among the former belong without doubt the hysteric, but otherwise physical weakness gives no special predisposition. The willingness of the subject, his passivity and power to concentrate the thought or attention on the intended sleep, have more importance. Thus it has been found that even the strongest men from the lower classes—mechanics, laborers, soldiers—are more easily put to sleep than more intelligent persons, who, voluntarily or involuntarily, let their thoughts wander to various objects which distract the attention. It is often found that those who cannot be hypnotized in the first, second or third seance, yet succumb to renewed, patient efforts. Age is of consequence, since it is always easier to hypnotize young persons, especially from seven to twenty-one years of age. Out of 744 persons of different ages who were tested by Liebault in one year, he succeeded in throwing 682 into a more or less deep hypnotic state, so that only sixty-two proved entirely insusceptible, and among these, none were under fourteen years of age. Neither does sex make such a difference in favor of women as is generally supposed. The fact that hysteria is almost peculiar to the female sex certainly increases the ratio of susceptibility among women, but not so much as might be believed. In Liebault's experiments, 10.8 per cent of the men could not be hypnotized, and 6.6 per cent of the women. Climate seems to have the effect of making hypnotization much easier in warm and southern countries than in cold and northern. Thus the French and Italians show a far greater susceptibility than the Scandinavians and Germans. In the tropics hypnosis appears readily and becomes very deep. Moreover, a number of lesser circumstances have a favorable or disturbing effect. Thus, the sleep is hindered by every distracting noise, by a recently-taken meal, by mental emotions, by too much heat or cold in the room, by strong light, by damp atmosphere, by alcoholic liquors, coffee, tea and sundry other causes. On the other hand, it is promoted by quiet and rest, both internal and external, by twilight, darkness, soft music, fragrant flowers, etc. The oftener a person is hypnotized, the sooner and more easily will he fall asleep. Too great intelligence is also unfavorable, for the reasons mentioned above. On the other hand, it is impossible to hypnotize idiots, and very difficult to do so with the insane: if it succeeds at all with the latter, they can be cured through suggestion, as Voisin has shown.

FACE MUSCLES CATALEPTIC.



HYPNOTIZING A SUBJECT.

The best notion of hypnogenic processes will be gained from a description of ten different methods that have been used by ten most prominent hypnotizers. Mesmer sat down opposite the subject, grasped his hands, and stared at his eyes. After ten or fifteen minutes he let go his hold, and made strokings with his hands at a distance of a few centimetres from the body of the subject, from the top of the head slowly downward, letting the tips of the fingers remain for a few moments on the eyes, the chest, the pit of the stomach, and the knees. Others use only the method of fixing each other's eyes, as Teste and Cullere. Braid's method, widely known and used, consists in letting the subject stare at a shining glass knob, or some such thing, which is held a couple of inches above the root of the nose, so that the eyes are obliged to take a position that makes them converge strongly upward, by which the muscles of the eyes get tired, or the optic nerve becomes over-irritated. Also, it is of importance to concentrate the thought upon the idea that sleep will follow. This method has a drawback; it is likely to cause tears and headache. The priest Faria's method belongs among the purely psychical. It consists of suddenly frightening the inattentive into sleep. He used to rise suddenly, stretch out his hands toward those who were to be hypnotized, and cry out, in a stern, commanding voice, "Sleep!" This simple and convenient method, however, seldom succeeds. Lasegue has subdued refractory subjects by closing their eyelids with his fingers and gently pressing on their eyeballs. Charcot's school at La Salpetriere, France, has modified Braid's method by placing pieces of glass close to the bridge of the nose, by which procedure the convergence of the eyes is increased and sleep comes more readily.

Dr. H. Bernheim's method has been illustrated above, in the person of Carl Sixtus. It is worthy of mention that a hypnotist can put himself in the hypnotic relation with a subject when the latter is deep in a natural sleep. All that he needs to do is to place his hand lightly on the subject's head. The touch begins to arouse the sleeper, but he immediately enters the hypnotic state, when the operator says: "Continue to sleep; do not wake. You can not wake up." Conversation can now be carried on, the subject obeys commands, and, in short, all the phenomena of hypnotism are produced. Hypnosis may also be produced in a person who is in a deep, natural sleep, by simple pressure on his eyelids. The methods of dehypnotizing are also many and varied. Some of them have been given above by Gessman. Blowing on only one-half of the head, while the other half is separated by a screen, wakens only one-half of the body. The subject is wakened psychically by the simple cry: "Awake!" addressed to him.

According to the system of Charcot there are three states of hypnosis: the cataleptic, the lethargic and the somnambulistic. Catalepsy is the state usually produced. Its characteristic feature is the immobility, the statue-like attitude. The eyes are open and staring, the tears accumulate and run over, respiration has almost ceased. The skin is insensible to the strongest irritation, but the muscular sense, vision and hearing partly retain their activity. The principal characteristic of lethargy is the insusceptibility to suggestion. The eyes are closed, the body and limbs are perfectly relaxed, respiration is deep and quickened.

The somnambulistic state is the most interesting. The mental faculties of the somnambulist are highly sharpened; he answers questions and is easily led through the most varied suggestions. There is hardly any limit to what can be produced by suggestion, and the action of the somnambule often border on the marvelous. The "automatism" (unconscious spontaneity) of the somnambulist differs from that of the cataleptic. The latter is a mere automaton, a machine, acting without consciousness, without aim, blindly obeying external sensorial impression. The somnambulist, on the contrary, is a subject, a personality, who acts spontaneously, by his own impulse, or obeying the will of the operator, yet with a certain independence, a certain consciousness peculiar, however, to the new somnambulistic personality, and which does not return to memory with the wakeful condition. Thus there is a somnambulistic ego, but no cataleptic ego. An example is necessary, however, to explain this fine distinction. On a table before a patient in a cataleptic state are placed a pitcher of water, a washbowl and soap. As soon as these objects are seen or touched he immediately begins to pour out water in the bowl and to wash himself with great care; if a towel is given him he wipes himself carefully. If pressure is made on the top of his head, he is immediately changed from a cataleptic automaton to a somnambulist; he immediately ceases to work and asks in astonishment: "What am I doing? I certainly do not need to wash my hands!" But now it is only necessary to raise his eyelids to bring him back instantly to the cataleptic automatism, and without objection, without reasoning, he will renew his continuous washing. If now his right eye be closed, his right hand will drop inactive, and the washing will be continued with the left hand alone; he is now semi-lethargic, that is, in his right side. If, then, his left eye be closed, the left hand will also drop; all washing ceases, and he is wholly lethargic. In the cataleptic state he can in the same way be made to roll a cigarette, to light it, to smoke it; but care should be taken lest he burn himself, for he is entirely insensible to pain.

The effects that can be produced by hypnotism are so marvelous that they appear well-nigh credible, but they are as well understood in Europe as the circulation of the blood, though Americans are, as a rule, unacquainted with them. The following accounts of experiments are authenticated by European physicians of the highest standing and character, and wonderful as they are, they are undoubtedly accurate and correct. Most of them are from Bernheim's work on "Suggestive Therapeutics." They prove that not only the mind, but also the body of the subject, is under the control of the hypnotist, and that not mental diseases alone, such as drunkenness, can be cured by suggestion, but also physical diseases, such as rheumatism and paralysis. As an example of the physical side of the hypnosis, a remarkable case exhibited in 1886 by Dr. Tagnet before the Medico-Psychological Society, of Paris, may be cited. A young girl had from childhood shown the ordinary symptoms of hysteria. At nine years of age she had had hystero-epileptic fits. After many vain attempts she was at last successfully hypnotized, and then several interesting phenomena appeared, which by this author are described thus:

"While Noelle is in a convulsive crisis, in catalepsy or in lethargy, which we successively cause by different pressures, we draw on her face some lines with a lead pencil or with ink, some distinct, others hardly noticeable. We now put her into a somnambulistic state and hold before her a flat object, usually one with a dull, not a reflecting, surface—a piece of pasteboard, for instance. She has hardly glanced at this before she expresses her astonishment that her face is soiled, and she wipes off one line after another, using the pasteboard as a real looking-glass. The pasteboard has to be turned to and fro in order that all the lines may be detected. Behind her head, yet so that their 'reflections' in the pasteboard can reach her eyes, we place various objects, such as a ring, a watch, a pipe, paper dolls, coins, lead pencils; she sees them, describes and names them, sometimes slowly, however; for instance, when instead of a watch a ten centime piece was rapidly exhibited, she still tried to read the hour, but suddenly she exclaimed: 'The watch is gone! That is two sous.' If we go behind her and show our faces in her pasteboard mirror she immediately bows, asks a question or reminds us of a promise."

One of Fere's experiments is interesting: On a piece of white paper he placed a white visiting-card, whose outlines he followed with a blunt pen, in the air, close to the paper, without leaving any trace of lines, but he made the hypnotized individual believe that he drew black lines on the paper. After the patient had been wakened, he was asked to fold the paper where the fictitious lines were. He held it at the same distance from his eyes as it had been during the hypnosis, and folded it in a rectangle minutely corresponding to the card, which now he was not allowed to see. A similar experiment has been performed many times by Charcot before a number of pupils. On a blank white cardboard, he produces by suggestion to the hypnotized person the image of a portrait. Then he mixes this piece among a dozen blank cardboards of the same kind and appearance. He wakens the sleeper, and without saying anything about the portrait he asks her to look through the blank cards; upon doing so she finds, to her astonishment, one that has a portrait, and she gives the same description of it as during the hypnosis. In the present status of the science this wonderful power of seeing can hardly be explained in any other way than that the image on the paper must be connected by some association of ideas with some mark on the paper, some spot, unevenness, etc., which causes the right side and its correct original position to be always recognized, although the marks are so diminutive that they cannot be traced by ordinary eyes. But at the same time it must be stated that this explanation is not satisfactory; for it is only the experimentalist who thinks of such a mark and has occasion to make it. The hypnotized person has no reason for such a precaution, when he only stares at the image and by no means dreams of the experiments to follow.

It is not possible here to give instances of diseases cured by hypnotism. It is sufficient to say that all diseases of the nervous system yield readily to the treatment by suggestion. Not the least important fact in connection with it is that drunkards and opium-eaters are cured in a wonderfully short time. In insomnia it never fails. The time is not far distant when the American medical profession will be compelled to take it up, though up to this time their lack of information has deprived them of its benefits.

The aim of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is to keep its readers well posted in everything pertaining to Spiritualism, and cognate subjects. In furnishing this article from the *Herald*, we do so believing that it will excite widespread interest. TUS TICE.

A QUESTION.

Has the Infallible Pope Recanted?

Dr. McGlynn is reported absolved from his heretical sins and restored to his ministerial offices. He has been a model heretic for about six years. Liberal thinkers have rejoiced in his exhibition of manly independence and progressive sentiments. He dared to defy the papal order summoning him to Rome. Perhaps it was because he did not dare to obey! But he has continues to preach to the people from the broad pulpit of independent thought, and had carried with him the best minds of the church; and his course has necessarily modified the sentiments of many respecting the rights of priests as men, irrespective of sectarian dictation.

But what means this change? Has this sturdy religious reformer weakened and repented under the pressure of Romish influence? If he had, would not the exultant persecutors make haste to announce it? Why are the terms of settlement carefully concealed from the public? Has Mgr. Satolli, acting under private instructions from Rome, compromised with the great theist for the sake of his influence to help make this a Catholic country?

Patriotic Americans should not forget that at the World's Catholic Congress, held at Baltimore two years ago, it was publicly proclaimed that the first and highest aim and object of Catholics must be to make this a Catholic country. Do the indifferent, easy-going doubters deny this fact? Of course not, for it is history. Do they imagine it was only idle talk, with no purpose in it? Does the Roman Catholic hierarchy thus trifle on questions of such moment to the church? We may be sure they do not. They mean business every time; all their movements and utterances are in the same line, and the intention is plain to any careful observer.

But can they accomplish it? That depends on the people, whose intelligence counts at the polls. It is by no means impossible or improbable. The machinery of government is handled by politicians who have their ambitions and their price. Catholic influence has been steadily and rapidly gaining in political circles and official representation where diplomacy counts more than numbers or ballots. They have made heavy gains all along the line. They have robbed the people to support the church in many States and many ways,

(CONTINUED ON 8TH PAGE.)

LEADING QUESTIONS.

DO WE KNOW ANYTHING OF GOD, SOUL OR SPIRITS—OR OF THE FUTURE WORLD?

We look at idiots, pity them, and then slowfully and sorrowfully pass on: while the follies and garrulous lucubrations of pretentious semi-idiotic agnostic are absolutely crushing to human patience. Their iron-clad creed is—"We don't know." And yet, devoid of all consistency, they everlastingly prattle on public platform and fill magazines and journals with a wilderness of words, all about what—they don't know!

Free-thinking agnostics don't know whether there's any God or not; whether man has an immortal soul or not; whether there's a conscious future life or not; or whether spirit intercourse is true or not; and then to cap the climax they try to convert and coerce everybody into the acceptance of their creed or beautiful philosophy of—don't know.

Permit me to just jog the intellects and memories of these agnostics in the following essay; and in the future, soon as time will permit, I shall plead for room in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to administer some wholesome mental remedies (J. R. Buchanan, W. S. Coleman, Moses Hull and A. B. Richmond being my consulting physicians) to certain materialistic Spiritists who are suffering from a prolonged chronic Christophobia. It has already assumed an eruptive form.

I deem it apropos to preface what follows by the wise words of Emerson in his ripened years and by more recent words of Hon. A. B. Richmond:

"I confess that our later generation appears unquiet, frivolous, compared with the religions of the past age. The religion of seventy years ago was an iron belt to the mind, giving it concentration and force. Substance was far from show. A rude people were kept respectable by the determination of thought on the eternal world. Christ was no myth, heaven no dream. But a sleep now creeps over the great functions of man. . . . Enthusiasm goes out. In its stead a low prudence seeks to hold society staunch; but its arms are too short; cordage and machinery never supply the place of life nor the deeper verities of religion."

Emerson: "Duty to God, whose spiritual existence is manifested in the laws of nature, and duty to our fellowmen, are obligations acknowledged by all, and when faithfully performed by mankind the true millenium will come. . . . Spiritualism is not only a religion, but the only true religion of earth. True in its demonstrations of the immortality of the soul. True in its teaching of the brotherhood of man, and the fatherhood of God. True in its moral teachings that punishment follows sin in obedience to nature's laws. True in its recognition of the precepts of the Golden Rule."

We affirm in the start that axioms or self-evident truths, rather than assumptions, are the proper foundation-stones to be used in the construction of the temple of truth. And axioms exist of necessity. No one is called upon to prove them; nor is any one expected to prove that he is gifted with reason before being permitted to use his reasoning faculties.

None, considered sane, deny their own personal existence. None deny the existence of space in which they exist; nor the existence of God, of which they are naturally conscious. They may conjure up a thousand opinions about God, and differ also in their attempted definitions of God. To such definitions and opinions there is no end. But the axiomatic truth of the Divine Existence eternal and immutable persists, and persists among all races. And no accurate thinker, I am sure, denies the existence of God—denies that Power in the universe that "makes for righteousness." Coarse denial, at best, is no mark of either genius or greatness. For aught we know to the contrary swine may deny the existence of the acorn-producing oak—deny the oak, yet feast and fatten upon the falling acorns. The thinking world is tired of negation—tired of agnostic babble. It is absolutely senseless for men pretending to erudition to persistently parade before the public what they don't know. And here is just the difference between agnosticism and Spiritualism, viz: I don't know and I do know. The agnostic says I don't know anything about a future existence. Very well; then drop your ink-dripping pen and shut your tonguey mouth. Silence in your case is decidedly golden. Contrariwise, the Spiritualist says, I do know about a future existence, and through mediumship and sundry psychic phenomena, I am prepared to demonstrate this knowledge to you and the world. Spiritualism and science are and ever have been in perfect accord. Agnostic platitudes have had their day; while spiritualistic phenomena are achieving grander, mightier victories each day, each year.

MATTER THE UNKNOWABLE.

What microscope has revealed the primordial atom? What eye has seen it? What hand has handled it? Not one. Has the primary atom size, weight, color, hardness? No mortal knows. And therefore it is really the unknowable. In fact, the atom, and that aggregation of atoms called matter, are just as unknowable to the psychist as is God to the religionist, and far more so. Touching the nature of matter physicists occupy no common ground. It had long been thought that the resistance which matter offers to pressure was produced by the hardness of its particles; but Sir William Thomson declares right to the contrary, contending that the resistance is caused by the rapidity of motion in something almost infinitely soft. The distinguished scientist Boscovitch argues that atoms devoid of size, form or weight are but centers of force. The late Prof. Clifford contended that every atom and every molecule of matter in the universe originally possessed a bit of "mind stuff." A. R. Wallace, occupying higher and far more rational grounds, suggested in one of his volumes that "material forces might be the direct outcome of the Divine Will—might be, indeed, that Will itself in action." These different definitions and disagreements among the ablest scientists of the world plainly prove there is no authoritative certainty about the ultimate nature of matter or the atoms that constitute it. Matter, then, is the unknowable! It is in constant flux. Its highest forms are but crumbling shells. The chemist's retort readily changes and transforms its visibility into gaseous invisibility—the unknowable!

SPIRIT THE KNOWABLE.

Ego, mind, soul, spirit, self, are generally used interchangeably by the best writers of our time. Any one of the terms will serve my present purpose, yet I rather prefer the word soul, which in reality is the unseen man himself, and the will is the soul in action. Beautifully has my friend Walt Whitman said: "We will joyfully accept modern science, and loyally follow it, but there remains a still higher flight, a higher fact—the eternal soul of man. . . . To me the crown of scientism will be to open the way for a more splendid theology, for ampler and diviner songs."

The genuine agnostic does not dogmatically deny the existence of the soul; but only the possibility of knowing it. His frequent language is: "I may have a soul or a dozen of them, for aught I know to the contrary, but I do not know it." . . . "I only know phenomena, such as sensations, experiences, and thoughts that are coming and going, changing and passing away—these make up the sum of my being." Do they? Such reasoning to me is little better than semi-idiocy. It must be clear to every solid thinker that appearances, thoughts and feelings cannot exist in and of themselves. They can only exist as related to and in a mind or soul; for attributes and qualities must be the qualities of something! An appearance, as Prof. Momerie well remarks, in order to be an appearance must appear to some one. A feeling must be felt by some one, and a thought must be thought by some one. Without some one to think there certainly could be no thought; and so, without the conscious soul, there could be neither thoughts, feelings nor morally profitable experiences. And again, just as sensation involves the feeling felt, so remembrance involves the facts remembered, and the mind or soul also which remembers. And further, the act of remembrance necessarily implies the soul's consciousness or recognition of both its existence and permanence. The soul, indeed, must exist in order to possess any given qualities or attributes. And moreover, this soul which exists, underlies and outlasts phenomena. is etherealized substance, a substantial entity—a permanent and positively persistent personality! To this end Herbert Spencer well says that "personality is a fact of which each one is conscious."

In the process of thinking, I perceive that it is I who think. In volition, I not only know that there is something being willed, but I am conscious of and know that it is I who will it. Consciousness, the recognized union of the noumenal with the phenomenal, is the persistent witness of the soul's existence. Consciousness is authoritative. And I know, absolutely know, my soul through consciousness, in connection with intuition and aspiration—a trinity in unity! I know the souls of others through their faculties and varied manifestations. "Know thyself," then, was a command of antiquity, wise and axiomatic. And so far from being unknowable, as modern agnostics contend, the soul is the most knowable existence in the universe.

IS GOD KNOWABLE.

Most certainly. To know any fact is not implied that we must know all about it. The pebble-stone by the way is a fact; but its origin, age, how rounded and polished, are all unknowable. Spiritualists should strive to make their language lucid. God is undefinable, and he is incomprehensible; but not unknowable.

Is the parent unknowable to the playful child? By no means; for the child feels and appreciates the father's love, and looks up to him most trustingly for care and protection. True, to the child the father is indefinable and also incomprehensible, but not unknowable; for just in the ratio the child cognizes the existence of the father, and feels the father's love, in that same ratio does it know the father.

I know the rose from the lily. I know something about the size, weight, color, odor and arrangement of the leaves of the rose; but that attractive power which so gracefully arranges the leaves and holds the qualities of the rose in unity is undefinable, and to me entirely incomprehensible. And science, which is only classified and systematized knowledge (and which generally in philosophizing ignores consciousness and the spiritual side of man's nature), does not know what it boastingly professes to know. At best, aided by the telescope and microscope, it does not know things, but only their qualities and external manifestations. While the soul, conscious of its divine origin, conscious of its almost infinite possibilities, knows God, knows something of his love, wisdom and power.

One in New Testament times, pondering perhaps upon the underlying, infilling, over-arching power of the universe, exclaimed: "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." This is still the cry of the soul: "Show us the Father;" not force, not motion! These are blind. They do not respond to consciousness, nor do they in any way nourish the spiritual nature. Man is not a sprout from unthinking matter; not a haphazard mushroom growth; not a come-by-chance orphan on earth; not an evolved ape, bear, or potato bug, but a son of God. All men are sons of God—the ever-living and ever-loving Father.

Do I hear some belated thinker exclaim, "this is anthropomorphism"? If so, the exclamation comes from some inaccurate, illogical reasoner. There is a sort of barbarian fetishism, and a kind of anthropomorphism which ascribes to God anger, jealousy, evil passions, and all the petty meannesses that obtains in the lowest of human beings—and this vulgar anthropomorphism is blasphemy if there be any. And those Calvanistic theologians of the seventeenth century and of this, who ascribe such passions, such capricious, hateful characteristics to God, were and are the manufacturers of infidels and atheists. Both those preachers and their anthropomorphic God need conversion!

But that anthropomorphism (the word is not fully acceptable in the best sense of the idea) which attributes to God all that is purest, noblest and highest in human nature—that ascribes to him self-consciousness, moral purpose, love, will, wisdom and personality, is at once rational and soul-satisfying. And yet materialistic agnostics sneer at this beautiful truth that so philosophically connects the intellectual and spiritual nature of man with God, who, as Jesus said, is Spirit. The erudite Duke of Argyle in his "Unity of Nature" well says: "It is remarkable that the very men who insist most strongly upon our being one with everything beneath us, tell us at the same time that we are not one with anything above us." How true, that

"Since the universe began
And till it shall be ended
The soul of nature, soul of man
And soul of God are blended."

IS A FUTURE EXISTENCE KNOWABLE.

Nature's chain has no missing links. Immortality is a continuance of the ordinary course of nature. Portions of us die daily. Throwing off as we do, by excretions and varied spent forces, portions of the body hourly; and having lived in and through nearly a dozen different material bodies already in this world, maintaining in the meantime my personality and conscious selfhood, it is perfectly natural that I should live right on when throwing off a little more or the whole of this physical load at that passing event termed death. But do we know this?

Most certainly we do; or, we may. But how? Through consciousness, intuition and the ever-recurring psychic forces—or in a word, through Spiritualism.

Millions know that the so-called silent, the sheeted dead, are alive and consciously existing in a brighter and better state of existence. They know it because they have both seen and conversed with them; and if the agnostic has not seen nor heard, the more's the pity. The blind who cannot see the sun are the subjects of sympathy rather than censure; but the bigot, the willfully blind, who will not look toward the sun, nor even try to get a gleam of sunlight, are deserving of no other consideration than dignified contempt. There are vastly more spiritual imbeciles in the world than mental ones. There is hope, however, for both classes of these unfortunates along the lines of the golden future.

Paul of old, a man of vigorous personality, was noted for his decided convictions and mediumistic gifts. This apostle declared that he knew that if his earthly house, the body, were destroyed or dissolved, he had a residence "eternal in the heavens." This was right the reverse of agnosticism. Paul knew of this house in the heavens through intuitions, visions and trances, through his transportation to the third heaven, and through the voice of the risen Nazarene when on his way to Damascus. Paul knew it as did Torquato, Tasso, Behman, Swedenborg, Milton, Wesley, Howitt, Hall, Edmunds, Owen, Brittain, Sargent, Denton, Harter, Eliza Farnham, Alice Cary, Mary F. Davis and hosts of other worthies, who through alternate defeats and victories ascended that they might descend as ministering spirits to continue their work of education and human redemption. Paul knew it as mediums know it to-day; for the law of spiritual intercourse is immutable and eternal. Spirit answers to spirit in all ages, as musical tones to the infinite harmony.

God is spirit, and spiritualism is a most sacred word, because rooted in God and related to Christ and immortality. Spiritualism as a demonstrated phenomenon, a grand philosophy and a divine religion, opens the gates of the ancient mysteries, unlocks the treasures of precious memories, and lays at our feet the living truths of the present. Spiritualism leads the thirsty to living fountains, lightens the burdens of weary pilgrims, feeds the hungry with the bread of heaven, and while pointing up to the evergreen mountains and gardens of the Gods, it plants along our paths the buds and blossoms of undying affection. Spiritualism comes to each and all of us silently, personally, pleading with us to pay the price of self-denial, to spiritualize our natures, to purify our affections, to overcome the world; so that when life's dream is over we may be remembered on earth for what we have done, and be welcomed to the joys and beatific blessings of heaven.

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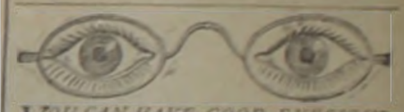

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ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

BY OUINA

Through the Mediumship of

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

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PART II.

CHAPTER X.

Visions and Incantations.

Jaavannah had replenished the flame on the altar, had poured the drops of precious oil upon the scented wood; had renewed his lamp-flame with the same sacred flame-food.

“Thus is the spirit ever fed from the source of all life and light,” he said unto himself; “thus the heavenly flame is kept alive in us by Ormuzd, until the spirit throws away the bodily tenement and we are one with Ormuzd. Yet, even when one with Him, still this soul-fed fire burns on in us; we are the many chalices in His almighty hand.”

“My brother tarries long,” he said, as gazing out upon the night he watched the constellations wheel and shine—watched the flames and altar-fires upon the vast blue shrine of heaven. “He hath not yet returned from that far pilgrimage that bore him beyond the western ocean's verge; beyond the vales of Araby, beyond Egypt's proud tomb of buried splendors.

“'Twas a strange pilgrimage. Perhaps those rulers in the new lands towards the broader ocean have detained him, or mayhap he hath been swallowed up in the engulfing waves. Yet is Ormuzd on the deep as on the land, and in the wilderness as at the shrine His sacred light abides. But here are my charts, *his* charts, and the night is fair. To the altar I will repair, and hold converse with the stars, those mute divinities that speak to us in syllables of light and motion, indicating thus the will of Ormuzd.”

Thrice around the sacred fire Jaavannah passed, and knelt, repeating words from the Holy Zend. Seven times toward the north he waved his incense chalice; he bent toward the north and south, toward the east and west, then twelve times in a mystic maze passed to and fro around the altar-fire, describing a chain of light in his motions, with twelve links in the chain.

Then did he pass into a narrow way that led to a small tower, whose top was reached by outer stairs, and there upon its height, above the trees, above all objects that might obstruct his vision, he turned his glass toward the heavens.

Long gazed he, shifting the instrument at need, and making notes upon his tablet by the starlight.

He seemed to grow more and more intent, more and more absorbed in his work as the night wore on.

“Mount, mount thou belted warrior to thy throne; and thou, fair queen, descend; ye seven pure sisters of the sun, daughters of Ormuzd, pass into your kingdom blest; rise, Rishis, rise and let us know the secrets of the north!”

Thus did Jaavannah pass the night until the morning star, the dusteur of the sacred orb of day, lighted the eastern altar fire to herald the coming of the Lord.

“Ah, Jupiter, thou art the priest of fire this morn at the shrine of Ormuzd. I salute thee,” and as the sun rose suddenly, the Parsee bent in homage to the symbol of all light, passed down the stairs, unwound the sacred maze, reversing his former steps around the sacred altar-fire, and bowed unto the cardinal points in inverse order from the first, made the sevenfold and the threefold circles all complete (but in reverse order), renewed again the fire with precious drops—small drops and few would suffice for all the day—and then passed back into the dormitory and through the grove into the sanctuary, and seeing no travelers at the gates, no sufferers needing aid, he sought his lowly couch for the few hours of sleep that he much required, having first tasted some simple food.

Jaavannah was the life-long friend and later spiritual adviser of Rajahatti Boe in Bombay, a friend of Armand and his instructor in many of the teachings of Zorovaster, and during the time that Armand and Zelda resided in Ceylon he had thrice visited them there.

The small shrine in the grove among the hills to which Hiejoh had hastened with such urgency to bear the precious moonstone, had, under the fostering and protecting care of the English, and aided by a portion of the wealth of Rajahatti Boe, become a dormitory for the Brotherhood to which Jaavannah belonged—a small temple and altar for Parsee worship, and a refuge for the sick and weary of every class and kind, and even the Buddhists were won to look with favor upon their presence, since they were full of good works, and did nothing to bring discredit upon the name of their Lord Buddha.

The associate of Jaavannah had been absent on a sacred mission or pilgrimage for many a day—the days had extended into weeks, and these had been rolled into months, and still the one whom Jaavannah named “brother” did not return.

It was not Jaavannah to whom Hiejoh had brought the precious stone, but the associate, the “brother,” who, at the time of Hiejoh's visit was the dusteur or priest of the altar.

VISIONS.

Jaavannah slept. In his sleep he saw a chariot of burnished gold, drawn by three mighty milk-white horses, whose breath was as flame rising from their widely-distended nostrils. The three prancing steeds were driven by a beautiful woman, who held them with threads of gold fastened to her breast. Before them a song-god bore a flaming torch.

The chariot bore a form that was clothed in such light that Jaavannah could not gaze upon him. A troop of twelve maidens followed, garlanded in flowers; others robed in sombre hue, but crowned with stars.

Three times he dreamed this dream, and three times awoke, saying: “It's but the image of the day—the chariot of the mighty god of day,” then he would sleep and dream it again.

Three times he saw a vast multitude pass from the east to the west, comprised of all tribes and nations and people; numberless as the stars in the heavens; numberless as the leaves on the banyan tree. They passed away toward the setting sun, and disappeared from his sight.

“These are but the images of the stars, that take the shape of people in my dreams,” said he to himself.

He saw the sea, storm-tossed and wild, and the form and face of his “brother” struggling with the waves, and calling to him, “Jaavannah!” Three times he saw this.

He saw a distant land—a pale, shadowy, dimly-lighted land, where there were gardens in which were trees and pale, reluctant buds. He saw shadowy forms, like Armand and Zelda, and Hiejoh with a laughing child in his arms; and Zelda said: “Forever it is spring. These buds have been for weeks past just as they are to-day.”

He awakened, saying: “I will sleep no more; the vigils of the night have wearied my brain, and I sleep but do not rest.”

Jaavannah arose and found the attendants busy with travelers needing refreshment, for which they gave offerings of gold; some mendicants receiving alms, for which they gave thanks, and some sufferers receiving sacred unguents, ministered by gentle hands, for which they gave grateful praise in tears of gratitude, tears that to Jaavannah were more priceless than pearls.

SACRED SCIENCE.

When all of his holy offices of ministration were ended he repaired to the small room where his charts and tablets and raised chalice awaited him.

“Now will I compute the numbers, read the tables and trace the pathway of my 'brother,' for it is near the time appointed for our meeting,” and Jaavannah repeated what his associate had said to him when they parted at the end of the grove that led from the sacred grove: “Consult the stars, my brother, and keep careful watch, for when the splendid star rises at dawn we shall see each other again—I will come to you, or you will follow the stars to me.” “And now Jupiter rises at dawn, and I must meet my brother,” murmured Jaavannah, while he spread out his charts. “But the spirit is greater than the body,” he said, thinking partly of the poor sufferers whom he had aided with healing oil and cordials, and partly of meeting his “brother” face to face. “The soul-flame is greater than the body it consumes,” and he sat in silence, tracing his lines of life and those of his “brother” by the pathway of the stars, by the tables of sacred numbers, by the inscriptions and charts.

How long he sat thus he knew not, but he was aroused by a sound as of rustling leaves or of wings, and a sudden current of air swept over his face and form; almost did the sound seem like rushing waters, and a voice calling his name—once, twice, thrice.

“Ah,” murmured he, “I have neglected some of the poor sufferers. The wind is rising, and I fear that the watchers are asleep.”

But the chilly sensation still lingered as he recalled the sound that smote his ears, and the voice was like that of his absent “brother.”

“On the sea, as on the land, is the power of Ormuzd,” quoth he, and passed among those whom he entertained that night to find them all comfortable, and most of them sleeping, while all the attendants were awake and watchful.

“Ah,” he mused, “I am becoming childish over the long absence of my 'brother,' and these sounds I hear so often in my sleep, and when I am in study, are but the result of my overwrought heart and mind, that fain would follow his footsteps.”

Thus musing he returned to his charts and to the tracing of the lines of destiny with those of his “brother.”

“At last—at last it is finished, and I must go to him; the stars have so declared. West and north, west and then north, such is my pathway. 'Follow the stars and come to me!' Aye, for now Jupiter is the Star of Morning, rising first before the dawn.”

With staff and scrip, with the sacred phials and a small chalice, with compass and two charts, one of the earth, the other of the heavens; with fewest articles for personal comfort, yet all for cleanliness, Jaavannah made preparations for departure, leaving another at the shrine, and to perform sacred duties of hospitality to strangers and merciful kindness to the suffering.

And when Jaavannah explained to his brother of the Order that a sacred promise bore him away on this journey, not because he was weary of his duties there, the other said:

“It is thy time to leave, and mine to come, according to the rules of the Order.”

“But that I did not remember. Now I compute the time, and it is true. Have we then served here so long?”

To the west and north Jaavannah passed, consulting the stars, to meet his “brother,” whether on earth or in the realm of Ormuzd none could tell, nor did the stars reveal.

“SENSITIVES” AND “PSYCHICS.”

In Belgrave square was the home, during the “season,” of Lord and Lady Castleton.

They were fond of society, he addicted to the races, and both had a fancy for the new and mysterious.

Literary men, men of science and learning, professional men, and not a few charlatans, found their way to the mansion of the Castletons in the square.

But the second son of a duke can amuse himself in any way he chooses, provided, of course, his bank account or his credit are good.

During the very busy month that Armand and Zelda passed in London, he took the time to attend a “seance” at Lord Castleton's, when, it was said, some singular manifestations would take place in the presence of Mr. Moss, an American “sensitive,” who accompanied the Hon. Mr. Stone, of the American legation.

There was an informal dinner party first, and Lord and Lady Castleton had fondly hoped that the Earl and Countess of Montrose would honor them with their presence at dinner and the “seance” afterward, that they trusted would be amusing, at least.

Armand accepted the invitation for the evening only, and for himself, as Zelda was unable to go—indeed, a “dinner” was an unmitigated bore.

Zelda sent her regrets in a delicate little note on the papyrus of India, wrapped in a square of gold-woven tissue, the whole scented with a suggestion of the odors of paradise.

“As dainty and unconventional as the countess herself,” said Lady Castleton. “This will I keep; it might have been the handkerchief of a goddess, so is it woven of sunshine.” And she treasured for many and many a day that precious square of golden tissue.

When Armand entered the drawing-room of the house of Lord and Lady Castleton it was 10 o'clock, and the “seance” was about to begin.

The sensation created by so great a “lion” as the Earl of Montrose had scarcely subsided when the company were requested to adjourn to a smaller room, better adapted for the “experiments” they were about to witness.

Had Armand been fastidious to the uttermost degree about the rank and position of those constituting this choice assemblage he could have found no fault with this small and very select company.

A member of the cabinet, a duke, two earls, a poet brevetted for the laureateship, should that position be vacant, an eminent scientist or two, a complement of ladies, twenty in all, were seated in the form of a horse-shoe around three sides of the room, the fourth side opening into a small study by folding doors and portieres.

When the company had all been seated, the host introduced the Hon. Mr. Stone, who would explain the *modus operandi* of the “seance,” and act as chairman “for, of course, we are quite ignorant,” said Lord Castleton, “concerning these very wonderful phenomena. Yet I believe I can speak for all of the most honorable and distinguished company who are present when I say we are quite sincere in our researches, desiring not only to be enlightened, but to know the truth concerning these mysterious manifestations.”

Armand was not a little surprised to recognize the Hon. Mr. Stone, attache of the American legation, and late Minister of the United States to Bombay, as the taller of the two men who had twice spoken to him and his friend the Buddhist—once in the charmed spot near the Sacred Tree, and again on the ship when they were en route to England.

This prepared him for what he already knew, that Mr. Moss, the “sensitive,” could be none other than the young man with such marvelous knowledge and powers, who had revealed to him and his friend the past with unerring accuracy, and, as far as had transpired, had read the future with unfailing certainty.

The Hon. Mr. Stone looked like a patriarch or an apostle with his long, flowing beard, his rather thin, long hair, and his mild eyes.

His features, however, were almost sculpturesque, a compromise between the Grecian and Roman contour, and he spoke with great fluency and accuracy, but with a slightly nasal tone that the English call the “American accent.”

He said to the guests of Lord and Lady Castleton:

“Ladies and gentlemen:—Permit me to offer to this very distinguished company a few remarks and suggestions concerning the manifestations that we hope to receive in the presence of Mr. Moss, my private secretary.

“It is very evident that we are but in the beginning of what promises to be a new science of mind or spirit.

“The powers or gift possessed by this young man came upon him entirely without his asking, and seem to proceed from a source acting independently of his will, or that of any human being in this mundane sphere.

“We know nothing of the conditions required for attaining the best results in these manifestations, but we endeavor to follow the directions given by the force or intelligence manifesting or speaking through him.

“The ladies and gentlemen present will please appoint three of their number, who will act as a more direct committee of investigation, as it would be impossible for all who are present to be equally near to Mr. Moss. As far as is possible the experiments will be made in the full light. Others must, from their very nature, occur in a darkened room.

“I must accept your pledges that you will not leave your places unless invited to do so by the controlling intelligence, and that you will receive whatever may be given in the spirit of fairness promised by our noble host.”

The cabinet minister, a scientist and an eminent physician (who wished to observe the pathological conditions of the sensitive) were chosen as a committee.

The lights in the larger of the two rooms were left in nearly full blaze. In the smaller room that was used for the “sensitive” the lights were nearly extinguished.

In the latter room Mr. Moss sat, apparently in his normal state, and presenting no unusual appearance. The physician reported his circulation and respiration normal.

The other two gentlemen saw nothing about his person or in the room by which he could consciously or unconsciously practice any legerdemain or sleight-of-hand. They were invited to make this investigation by Mr. Stone.

The company were requested to remain in a passive and harmonious state. The curtains were drawn, leaving Mr. Moss alone in the “cabinet.” Mr. Stone and the physician occupied the two seats next the curtain, and immediately beside each of them sat one of the other two members of the committee.

Presently, perhaps in about fifteen or twenty minutes, the curtains moved, a hand appeared at the aperture, then a face (certainly not the face of Mr. Moss), then a form clothed in aerial drapery.

The face was that of a Hindoo; the form was arrayed in the robe of a Buddhist priest, with the peculiar turban of that Order. The voice spoke in Hindostan asking for Mahavidio.

Armand understood, but did not speak, and the Buddhist was not there.

The form disappeared, again returned, and, addressing Armand, asked him to convey to his friend the message that was given. The form withdrew.

Two forms next appeared—cautiously at first, and then in full light. One was a lady in the prime of life, with a beautiful, benevolent countenance, soft brown hair and eyes, and long robe of ethereal appearance. The other was a child, a little girl, about six years of age, dressed in white, garlanded with flowers. Her hair was light, and the eyes were blue, and the face full of the innocence and beauty of childhood. The two passed toward the duke, then beckoned him to follow, and withdrew.

“They wish to speak to the gentleman. Will he come forward?”

The duke had faced many a danger, many perils and privations, but these innocent forms unmanned him more than a masked battery or a dynamite bomb could have done.

With a face of deadly pallor he arose, and under the guidance of Mr. Stone, passed within the cabinet concealed by the curtains.

What occurred there no one ever knew, but when the duke returned to his chair a very frightened, but very sympathetic lady, distinctly saw a tear on his face.

A fourth form was a man past middle-life, dimly visible at first, but growing stronger in the light, and when fully revealed presenting the form and visage of a late Premier of England.

This was the last form. As it withdrew, at a signal from Mr. Stone, the three gentlemen of the committee at once followed him into the “cabinet.”

There sat Mr. Moss, apparently in an unconscious state, but otherwise just as they had left him.

The physician found his respiration labored, his pulse weak, but rapid, and an unnatural state of temperature of his hands and wrists and forehead.

The other two committeemen found the silken threads with which they had lightly but securely bound him, absolutely unbroken—not a seal or knot displaced.

A voice quite unlike that of Mr. Moss when in his normal state, requested the gentlemen to withdraw until the “instrument” (as the voice speaking through his own lips characterized Mr. Moss) recuperated a little; they would then witness other “experiments.” In fifteen minutes Mr. Stone announced that they would continue the “seance.”

Stepping behind the curtains, Mr. Stone parted them that Mr. Moss, with closed eyes, might pass into the room facing the entire company.

“We will now try the 'ring test,'” said the voice through the lips of Mr. Moss.

Lord Castleton took out of a table drawer that was in the room a ring, the size of a man's wrist, and explained:

“At the suggestion of Mr. Stone I had this ring made to order. It is a solid piece of steel, and to my absolute knowledge there is no spring or hinge or other method of opening or extending it except to break it.”

The ring was placed upon the table. One of the gentlemen of the committee held the right hand, the other the left hand, of the “sensitive.” All were in full view of the company. The strange voice spoke to those present in an impressive manner concerning the unseen world, and the powers of the spirit. All at once the gentleman who held the right hand of Mr. Moss gave a little start and placed his left hand upon the wrist of the hand that had held that of the “sensitive,” at the same time letting go the hand of Mr. Moss. On the wrist of the eminent scientist, as securely as if it had been cast there, was the steel band, fitting so closely that a little more pressure would have been painful.

Yes, everyone saw it, and the absence of the band from the table proved there had been no possible duplicate; besides, the gentlemen had never once relaxed their hold upon the hands of Mr. Moss.

If on that night the learned gentleman believed himself to be the victim of necromancy or prestidigitation, his mind was disabused on the following morning, when he was obliged to send for a mechanic and have the ring removed.

The ring proved to be none other than the one that Lord Castleton had ordered, for his private mark had been placed upon it, known only to himself and the gentlemen of the committee.

After this experiment Mr. Moss, still speaking in a strange voice, and with eyes closed and a mild expression of countenance, passed to each one in the room, speaking a few words to each upon some personal matter, and usually relating to some deceased friend.

In some cases the messages related to temporal affairs in which a deceased friend had been interested while in the body; sometimes they were of a very private nature, and given in a low voice always. They were of matters that Mr. Moss could not by any shadow of possibility have known, and were uniformly correct in details and facts, as far as known to the recipients of the messages; if prophetic they were afterward found to be true.

At the close of the “seance” Mr. Moss was much exhausted, but had no knowledge of anything that had passed. After a few moments the physician detected the return of the body to its normal symptoms.

The committee explained to the company all the tests they had applied, by the kind invitation of Mr. Stone, who urged them to make every condition necessary for accurate investigation “within the bounds of humanity and reason,” and amid the bewildered plaudits of the company, who did not know whether they were “in the body or out of it,” Mr. Stone and Mr. Moss withdrew.

Not, however, before Armand had secured their addresses and obtained a promise that he might hope for their presence and an opportunity for further investigation at Montrose Castle.

That “there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in their philosophy,” every one present realized, especially the eminent scientist, who quaintly remarked that “if the guardians of the peace at Scotland Yard were to see this”—pointing to his wrist with its shining band—“they would wonder how I came in possession of so suspicious-looking a bracelet.”

One by one the guests departed, after thanking Lord and Lady Castleton for the “pleasure” the evening had given them. One by one to their duties, their studies, their lives of gaiety—each to remember the events of that night as long as mortal life might last.

“I have seen great wonders in India,” remarked Armand to his host and hostess, “but never anything so wonderful as we have witnessed to-night.”

“The Earl of Montrose honors us both with his presence and his appreciation, for among our circle we are considered 'eccentric' at least,” said Lady Castleton.

“'To accept the truth wherever we find it,' is the axiom of the sage, and wise men have found great truths in a far more improbable guise than that in which these manifestations occur,” said Armand, seriously.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INTERLUDE.

Indian Love-Song.

Like the eyes of the dove,
Of the dove,
Are the eyes of my love,
Of my love:
Tender and dear—
Tender and dear.

Like the love-star—
Like the star,
Are they shining afar,
When afar;
Be not far, but near—
Ever near.

Like the bul-bul's soft note,
Bul-bul's note,
Is the song from her throat,
Her sweet throat,
Singing low, low—
My love sings low.

Like the waters that meet,
Mingle and meet;
Tides that ebb and that flow—
Ever flow,
Flows my love to her feet—
Her blest feet.

Like the lotus buds abloom,
Lote buds abloom,
Is the form of my love,
My pure love,
For me unfolding,
Unfolding.

Like silken threads her hair,
Her silken hair,
In its thraldom,
Willing thraldom,
Me, unaware, holding—
Me ever holding.

Like the scented jassmine sweet,
Roses ever sweet,
Is her presence when we meet,
As we meet—
Her presence and her breath—
My love's breath.

Like the devas' far from this,
A world like this,
Who die to meet in bliss,
Die for bliss,
So die I in her kiss—
Die in her kiss.

A Beautiful Burial.

[When Armand was passing through India on his most eventful pilgrimage of peace, he witnessed the touching scene which has been woven into verse by the Hindoo poet.]

Adown the sacred steps he passed,
Close to the margin of the stream,
Where drooping branches their shadows cast,
Like Sorrow reflected in Pity's dream.

He heard soft sobbings and stifled moan,
He hastened some proffered aid to give;
Two women, weeping o'er their dead alone—
Still praying that somewhere the dead might live.

A Hindoo mother, low bending there,
And mourning like a stricken dove;
A gentle sister, young and fair,
Twining garlands in sympathy and love.

A dead babe on a fragile bier,
Pillowed and shrouded amid flowers;
The babe detained by a garland dear,
Held in the mother's hand for hours.

No costly funeral pyre was here—
Too lowly for such grandeur of death;
But the dead darling was just as dear
As if she had breathed a royal breath.

A murmured prayer, a broken song,
Added garlands—two, three or more,
And the slender flower-rope fell from her hand;
The form floated out and from the shore.

Out on the stream, adown, afar,
Dead babe, living blossoms passed from sight;
The sun went down, the evening-star
Piloted both out into the night.

Lowly the service, brief the prayer,
Heart-breaking the song and sobbing between;
But the gentle mother and sister fair
Know beyond the waters are shores of green;

And loving devas will guide and guard,
Keeping the Star of Love ever bright;
Will lovingly hold their watch and ward,
Until the babe is on Merus' height.

Himself unseen, the stranger saw;
Himself unheard, he heard the strain,
And moved by a holy and sacred law—
Reverence for sorrow—withdrew again.

And again, in the long after years,
He, in memory, saw the babe floating there;
Heard the women sobbing 'mid their tears;
He heard and felt, and murmured a prayer,

And he remembered the prayer he gave
To the God of all Nations, Parent of Love:
“May she who trusts her *dead* babe to the wave,
Find her *living* babe in Thy gardens above.”

Mediumship.

As mediumship exists in the world to-day it exists independently of any science, independently of any school of mental philosophy taught in the world; independently of any form of mental logic or induction taught in systems of mental philosophy; it exists as a separate and distinct form of thought manifested entirely apart from the schools of human instruction, and though it may pervade them, it is not the outgrowth of them. As Spiritualism and mediumship exist in the world to-day, they are neither the result of any school of training, or of any particular political or religious evolution; they are not born or created of any scientific attainment, nor have they origin in any mental system conceived by man in the usual schools of human instruction. Mediumship is a formulated process of manifesting the life of the Spirit-world, distinctly engrafted by an outside power upon the mental thought of this day and generation.
—*Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.*

Two Important Days.

CHRISTMAS AND EASTER—SHOULD THESE FESTIVALS BE OBSERVED BY SPIRITUALISTS AND THOSE OF LIBERAL THOUGHT?

Those of us who do observe them are only aping the church, and the church, in its turn, apes pagans and other religions, for neither Christmas nor Easter, as times of feasting, or as celestial periods of any form of religious worship or special ceremonies, originated with the Christian church, as many suppose.

We are informed by reliable historians that many centuries before the Christian era the Germans had or believed in a virgin mother and child, the virgin mother's name being Ostara, or Eostre, whence comes our Easter. Other nations and religions have had their virgin mothers and child, but reference to this one is sufficient for present purposes.

In ancient times Easter festival was preceded by one week of indulgence in all kinds of sports, called the carne-vale, or the farewell to animal food, and this was followed by a fast of forty days.

While the Christian church has adopted this celestial period as a time of feasting and special religious ceremonies, it has reversed the order by fasting forty days prior instead of following Easter; but in the feasting it retains very closely the ancient customs of Egypt and other countries by eating ham and eggs. The ancients called it bacon and eggs. This kind of food for the feast of Easter originated, no doubt, from the ancient custom of what the church is pleased to call the "heathen," who sacrificed at this period a pig to their God Khursu.

Some of the early Christian fathers, among whom was Clement, held that Jesus was born at this period; but the church generally at this day hold that Easter marks the death and resurrection of Jesus.

The Jews also have a festival covering this lunisolar period in memory of the Passover, at which time anciently the paschal lamb was made use of, from which, no doubt, was derived the phrase by the romancer of the mythical Jesus, "Behold the lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."

This paschal feast of the Jews corresponds in time with Easter, but instead of eating ham and eggs they use unleavened bread, which is made in the form of a round cracker as large as a breakfast-plate, and quite as thin.

There is another important feature in Christian church circles connected with the Easter period, as in truth there is in all religious faiths where a Savior or junior God is necessary, viz.: At this period these Gods or Saviors are incarnated with the virgin mothers, and counting forward forty weeks, which is about the average duration of human gestation, carries us to the 25th of December, at which date, or winter solstice, all Saviors have been born. And here allow me to enquire why all these Saviors, including the mythical Jesus, happen to be incarnated at Eastertime and born on Christmas, or the 25th of December?

I can scarcely deny myself the opportunity right here to give the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the English of a short paragraph from the great French author of "The History of All Religious Worship," "Dupuis," than whom no other has made more profound researches on this subject.

Referring to these festival periods, I translate: "Christmas and Easter of the Christians, those worshipers of the sun under the name of Christ, which name was substituted for that of Mithras (the sun-god of the ancient Persians), adopted and still celebrate Christmas and Easter.

"Whatever delusion which ignorance and bad faith may try to make for itself, it is certain that these festivals are an existing proof amongst us of faith in celestial mythical periods which have come down to us from the ancients, who are regarded as ancient heathens by the Christian Church."

Again he says: "All these mystical ideas are to be found in this passage of Cedrenus': 'The first day of the first month is the first of the month Nisan; it corresponds to the 25th of March of the Romans, and the Phamenot of the Egyptians. On that day Gabriel saluted Mary in order to cause her to conceive the Savior. Observe that it is the same month, Phamenot, that Osiris gave fecundity to the moon, according to Egyptian theology.' 'On the same day,' adds Cedrenus, 'our God-savior, after the termination of his career, arose from the dead.' That is what our forefathers called the Passover, or the passage of the Lord. It is on the same day that our ancient theologians have fixed also his return, or his second advent, as the new era had to count from that epoch, because on the same day the universe had commenced. As I have before intimated, these feasts of the conception, birth and death of all the sun-gods were uniformly on the same days of the year, and all have experienced the same misfortunes as did Jesus; that, like him, they triumphed over death, and this happens at the same epochs of the earth's annual revolution. It, therefore, devolves on those who persist in making of Christ another being than the sun, the duty of giving us their reasons for such a singular coincidence."

For these reasons, and many others that might be given, it seems unfitting Spiritualist and liberal thought to celebrate the two periods of Christmas and Easter except as social reunions.

J. P. COWLES, M. D.

Hartford, Conn.

ZULIEKA.

When we have a good thing we want everybody to enjoy it. This story, ZULIEKA, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Rlcmond, will not only prove interesting, but it bears with it a spiritual influence that will do you good. Circulate the paper and act as missionary in the good work. Be good and do good is our motto. Send a paper free to some one who will enjoy its pages. It will be sent three months for 25 cents. The first five chapters of "Zulieka" sent free to all new subscribers.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

A Gross Injustice to George Wilson.

I have just returned from the State Prison at Joliet. I went to see the subject of the latest and most outrageous, in many of its details, of the Comstock persecutions.

George Wilson, sent up for two years, is a bright young man, an Agnostic in his views, and full of enthusiasm and push. Several years ago he started a liberal book store on a small scale, and by close attention to business gradually increased his stock of goods, at length becoming a publisher of some importance. His place was quite conspicuous as the "Only Agnostic Publishing House in Chicago." Prominent among his publications were the works of Paine, Ingersoll, Besant and other noted liberal writers, and prosperity seemed to smile upon him. But, alack! no one is safe from the clutches of the hyena like Comstock and his saintly crew, except Christian bigots and cowardly craven liberals who dare not defend citizens' rights to send by the people's highway—the Post Office—whatever they may please to write or print, without being held up by these brigands, dubbing themselves "The Anti-Vice Society," and subjected to such indignities as no common highwayman would ever inflict upon his victim.

McAfee, Comstock's right bower, by means of a decoy letter obtained the printed list or catalogue of Wilson's goods, and his arrest was made on that alone, as no book was sent, simply his catalogue. These were the books charged with being *obscene:* "Bel-Ami," "Mademoiselle De Maupin," "Mysteries of the Court of London," and "Stolen Sweets."

The first two named can be procured by any one wishing to read them at our Public Library; the last two at any of our prominent book stores in the city. "Stolen Sweets," a French novel, was the one mostly referred to in the trial, and compared with such classics as the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, the Holy Bible, etc., is as chaste as ice.

Now, why was George Wilson selected out of four hundred booksellers in Chicago and railroaded through to Joliet in less than forty-eight hours, tried, convicted, sentenced and committed to prison? Any one with a grain of common sense can see: Simply because he was selling and publishing literature that antagonized the church, and hence these human vultures must serve their masters, the church and Anti-Vice Society, by destroying, as far as possible, any and all who dare oppose them.

Judge Bunn, before whom he was tried, as great a bigot as ever disgraced the judicial bench, showed such feeling and made such rulings as would do honor to the memory of Judge Taney of Dred-Scott-decision notoriety. During the trial, when a witness was put upon the stand with book in hand and bill therefor just dated, who testified he had just purchased "Stolen Sweets" of Jansen & McClurg, the Judge simply remarked: "Jansen & McClurg are not on trial, and I am loath to believe they deal in such literature."

I have been holding down my indignation at request of friends who believed that by bringing the case before Judge Gresham he would grant a capias on the ground that the sending of the catalogue of books could not be called sending obscene literature, "too vulgar, obscene and indecent to be mentioned," as charged in the indictment. Gresham admitted the fact, but would not act, advising them to take the case to the United States Court at Washington, for the reason that if this was granted others would be asking the same. Too bad! I am, however, more ashamed of the people who bear and wink at, if not uphold, all these villainous persecutions, than of the politicians who wear ermine; and especially am I ashamed of professed liberals who are either so ignorant as not to perceive that this is the club with which the church intends to beat out the brains of the liberal movement by destroying the business usefulness, yea, even the lives, of those they cannot cower into servile silence, or who are too weak to dare defend the rights upon which all our freedom depends—the right of free speech and a free press. Think of intelligent men and women sitting silently submitting to have a set of Christian bigots and conscienceless politicians decide what they may write to a friend; what they may print and send out to the world; what books they may put upon the market; what pictures they may even have in their homes. Oh! the shame of it—that we are such a race of slaves!

What can we do? Write what we please, and print it and send it to whom we please, at any and all cost. Better have a free mind in prison garb, than be a slave outside cringing before such corrupt laws and conscienceless decisions. Demand in thunder tones the repeal of all laws such as these, that, if they be continued, will soon destroy all the liberty of which we once proudly boasted. Cease to look upon law as superior to individual rights—as a fetish to be worshipped—and see that all laws are made to serve humanity by protecting instead of restricting man's liberty.

JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M. D.

No. 2 Warren avenue, Chicago.

The Medical Fraternity and Mediumship.

TO THE EDITOR:—I saw back numbers of your publication at the home of a friend in Minneapolis during a recent visit to that city, and am immensely pleased with it. I am particularly pleased with its attitude toward our mediums. It is they who have made our philosophy what it is to-day, and, with you, I consider it the duty of every Spiritualist to protect them to the extent that they deserve. In one of the numbers I noticed that a healing medium had been driven from her home by the M. D's. of her city. Now, that is just what is happening in our village. The lady has performed some wonderful cures—so many, in fact, that she has been given the alternative of stopping her work or going to jail. There is but a handful of Spiritualists here, but the lady's practice was not confined to the Spiritualists; her services were sought by the ladies of all the Christian denominations. They cared particularly for the cures she performed, and were indifferent as to what method or power she employed. Many ladies came from a distance, and a repetition of the Canton affair was imminent. However, the M. D.'s and the theological blockheads have stopped the almost limitless amount of good the lady was performing. Is there not some way to circumvent the medical hogs and theological dunces? I believe there is if every one would put his shoulder to the wheel and push. The lady made no charge for her work or she would have been in jail long ago, but had her recompense in gifts made her by the thankful ones she had cured.

W. B. CHANDLER.

Farmington, Minn.

A Spiritual Prayer.

TO THE EDITOR:—Rev. J. W. Bashford, D. D., President of the Ohio Wesleyan University, in his prayer at the funeral of ex-President Hayes uttered these words:

"We stand to-day upon the borders of two worlds. Give us clear vision and keen hearing so that we may catch the melody of the angels and see the forms of loved ones gone before.

"We thank Thee for the life and service and character of the departed. His vitality was so abounding, his sympathies were so broad, his hopefulness so great, that we cannot think of him as dead. We look through our mist of tears and see him, not dead but living—living into an intensity of life with a breadth of sympathy, with a vision of God such as he never could have had on earth; living in rich fellowship with saints of all the ages, in sweet companionship with her whom he loved so well on earth."

Here is another evidence of the fact which we have reiterated in these columns time and again, that the same spirit of evolution and progress that made it possible for Spiritualism to come into the world is operating on the churches, and the leaven will eventually permeate the whole human family. Here is a very learned clergyman, in high standing in evangelical orthodoxy, who makes no euphemistic effort to conceal his convictions of the truth of spirit communion, and he embraces this most appropriate occasion to express these convictions, using our very words in a manner that no Spiritualist could exceed, and he goes even farther, for if his prayer was literally answered he would be clairvoyant and clairaudient.

Well, let them come; they are all welcome. We claim no monopoly of this grand truth. It is the birthright of every child of God, and it is only a matter of time when they shall all embrace it and be happy, as the Great Father intended them to be, and who made wise and abundant provision for their comfort, which they can all enjoy when they make up their minds to lay aside childish folly and selfishness, and practice truth and justice towards one another instead of defrauding each other in the matter of soul-freedom.

There is precocity of soul as well as of intellect, but the former is more rare than the latter. The precocious intellects are the ones who formulate systems of theology, and compel obedience to them as the *summum bonum* of religion.

Of such are the prelates and clergy of every rank and degree in all the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, and they are ex-officio *the church.*

Precocious souls are those who are highly developed, and take precedence of the intellect and discern the things that are spiritual and divine, and make the intellectual subservient to the spiritual. From this class the church has reaped a large harvest of heretics and martyrs, and is not through with it yet.

Dr. Bashford gives strong evidence of being one of these; and, judging from his prayer, if his environments were more spiritual and less theologico-intellectual he might be a very spititual man; but with his present condition and surroundings he could not risk an honest expression of his spiritual convictions except on an occasion like this, when every heart feels impressed with the great fact of the soul's continued existence, and intuitively realizes the possibility of spirit communion.

Personal experience has taught us that we follow our loved ones in spirit to their spirit homes; and who knows but that the present unusual mortality among the great and good who hold the affection of the community may not be a special means of awakening the people to a sense of this great truth? No one need be ignorant of the fact that when the great men depart, the great ones gone before receive them in a manner far exceeding any reception possible on earth, and that all the ex-presidents, from Washington to Hayes, meet on the other side, not merely to spend their time in mutual friendship and pleasure, but to work for the interest of our country, and if our government would accept their services as Lincoln did, they could do a great deal to save the country from sin, disgrace and ruin.

From their vantage ground in the world of causes, they can see as we cannot the evil of avarice and selfishness practiced in every department of state, and their counsel and advice is valuable, and should be sought instead of being ignored and rejected.

A dear personal friend of the writer, who gave us valuable assistance while on earth, now comes from his happy home among the beautiful vineyards of Beulah-land, to assist us in writing for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and says that we may put his name to this, and although we do not think that it comes up to his standard of excellence, yet it may be the best he can do through this instrument, and we cheerfully sign it

JAMES THOMPSON.

"The Teachings of Jesus not Adapted to Modern Civilization, with the True Character of Mary Magdalene." By Geo. W. Brown M. D. Price, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

The Spiritual Educational Movement at Summerland, Cal.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Committee of Citizens of Summerland desire to report to our friends, through your valuable paper, the progress made in the movement at this place to elevate the cause of Spiritualism and the result of the Christmas donations.

We are very free to confess that, while they were not as generous as we had reason to think they would be, and utterly insignificant in comparison with the importance of the matter and the future influence the movement will have upon the cause, yet we are able to report great and successful progress, and feel assured of final success.

We cannot ask the necessary space in your paper to publish a list of the contributors, but quite a number subscribed ten shares each and a less number and many donations of $1.00 up to $25.00 each; but the words of good cheer we received from all sources were so general that we were able to convince Mr. Williams that Spiritualists will awaken to the importance to their cause of this movement, and subscribe the necessary money to make it a success, and he in consequence made us the following important concession on our original contract with him:

He extends the time in which to pay for the property to one year, and agreed to accept payment in installments instead of all cash as at first contemplated. He has given us a trust-deed for the property in Summerland, and placed us in possession of the same, with the sole power to sell the lots, so that at last this colony which was started to represent the cause of Spiritualism is in the hands of this committee in trust for that cause. Shall it remain so? That depends entirely upon the earnestness of Spiritualists, their willingness to contribute something towards the interest of their cause, even if the practice of a little self-denial is necessary. We call ourselves or our cause greater than the churches, yet when they wish to raise money for special purposes they raise immense sums by simply self-denial. In a province in Canada recently $12,000 was raised in a single week for General Booth's Salvation Army, by its inhabitants denying themselves something during that week. Cannot Spiritualists be as practical as the Orthodox? By Mr. Williams' offer to pay for one share to the person securing subscriptions for ten shares in the association, all will be compensated for soliciting and working for this matter. By the plan made for mediums and inspirational speakers, both they and others will receive full value for their money as they give it. They can earn a home in Summerland or property that will enhance greatly in value, at once by aiding in a work they are in duty bound to perform, as are all whose organism is used by the Spirit world. The committee will forward, on application, this plan in full, together with the prospectus and other circulars. The committee will also send a receipt at once for all moneys. Send us subscription for shares in a form making it exchangeable for lots in Summerland, and before the organization of the association if the subscriber desires, or exchangeable for shares in the association upon its organization and agreeing to return the money to the subscriber if the organization is not perfected, so that no risk is taken by those forwarding money for shares. The shares in the association will also be made to be receivable in payment at par for property.

If all Spiritualists were as earnest as one dear sister in Iowa, who, being very poor and a widow, found a friend who would join her and sent a donation of one dollar (truly a widow's mite), these educational and other institutions would be under way in a very short time. We trust the Spiritualists of the world will simply do their duty and join with us in an international movement, to place Spiritualism upon a firm foundation.

Full information furnished on application.

J. WARREN DARLING, } Committee
Z. I. CROOP, } of
W. D. WHEELER, } Citizens.

Summerland, California, Jan. 18th, 1893.

Twenty-Seven Years.

THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM CELEBRATE ITS ANNIVERSARY IN AN APPROPRIATE MANNER—MUSIC AND ADDRESSES—THE EVENING MEETING.

The twenty-seventh anniversary of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, Cleveland, O., was appropriately celebrated Jan. 22, in Royal League Hall. As many of the old officers and workers were present, some of the usual exercises were omitted and special ones substituted. Mr. Charles Collier, the conductor, presided, and opened the meeting with a few remarks pertaining to the Lyceum and his connection with the work. He then called on his assistant and ex-conductor, Mr. D. S. Critchley, who briefly reviewed the state of the Lyceum when he became an active worker some sixteen years ago. Many of the mottoes given by the scholars were original and all were appropriate to the day. Brief addresses were made by Mr. George G. Wilsey, one of the present trustees, and the oldest Lyceum member; Mr. I. W. Pope, Charles E. McCluskey, Thomas A. Black, and Thomas Lees, all ex-conductors; Charles W. Palmer, ex-musical director; Mrs. Effie Moss, assistant guardian, and Tillie H. Lees, leader of the banner group. Mr. Lees postulated his remarks with the following declarations: "The organization of this lyceum twenty-seven years ago was the first practical recognition of the rights of children and meant an entire new series of Sunday school lessons. It meant the coming out from the darkness of orthodoxy into the light of modern Spiritualism, escape from the ignorance and mental slavery of the past to knowledge and wisdom found on the highlands of free thought. It meant great courage and true heroism on the part of the few who aided Andrew Jackson Davis in organizing the lyceum and who said: 'A child is the repository of infinite possibilities.' And the lyceum education means the unfoldment and cultivation of those grand possibilities. The formation of the Children's Progressive Lyceum meant a welcome to and co-operation with those in Spirit life. It meant the cultivation of mediumship, the more complete recognition of our spiritual nature, and a broader conception of life here and hereafter. It meant character, not creed, as essential to salvation; it meant tolerance in place of damnation for the unbeliever, it meant progress here and hereafter, and reunion at the change called death with our friends in Spirit-life; it meant the conservation and correlation of the fundamental truths of all religions, plus the newer revelations that the spirit raps heralded to the world in 1848; it means in time the practical application of the divine theory of the brotherhood of man."

Many reminiscences of old times were rehearsed by the older workers, and the interesting exercises were greatly enhanced by singing, music from the Lyceum orchestra, and a piano solo by Charles W. Palmer, the closing song being "Auld Lang Syne." At the close it was moved by Mr. Thomas Lees that a roll of honor be established in the Lyceum, and that the names of Mrs. Ellen R. Calkins and George G. Wilsey, two of the oldest members, be the first names inscribed thereon.

The evening was occupied by Mrs. Moss, the materializing medium, who related to those present how she became a Spiritualist.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Associations to Benefit the Poor.

TO THE EDITOR:—Amid all the massing of capital in a co-operative way for individual wealth, has anyone thought that there might be an organized effort on the part of wealthy persons to form associations for the benefit of the laboring poor—that class of laborers who, in their patient, plodding way, can never hope to have a home of their own or many of the comforts of life through the wages they earn?

Let us suppose that a number of persons of more or less means consolidated themselves into an association, putting in as a foundation fund as much as they wished of their accumulated wealth, pledging themselves to give yearly some of their profits as life members of the association.

Suppose they buy land adjoining a city or large town, lay it out into lots large enough for a garden and small yard; erect cottages of from three to five rooms, plant fruit and shade-trees; erect a building for a church and school, another for a lecture hall and library, also buildings for a general store, furniture, market, etc.; a hotel for single men, where rooms and board could be obtained at prices according to what it took to run the establishment; another building for furnished apartment-rooms for lone women, a restaurant to be attached for meals, both room and meals to be given at what covers the cost of maintaining them.

We will suppose all these things as a starter of a village of homes for the poor.

Suppose the requirement shall be a six per cent. interest on net cost of the residence alone, the lot being a free gift. After the tenants pay two-thirds of the sum expended on buildings by monthly rentals, they are given a deed to the property, providing they have been orderly, cleanly, temperate and industrious. They virtually earn their homes by good conduct; their rents being so small it leaves them more money to expend on the comforts of life, these comforts being furnished by the associations as near as possible at manufacturing or wholesale prices.

Among the officers of the association should be a manager, whose duty shall be a constant supervision over the village interests.

Institutions for benevolent purposes could be erected and maintained as time and means gave opportunity.

We will suppose these villages are all over the land, especially belted about every city and large town; that persons of means form their associations, and give as they see fit of their treasure, having a special interest in their own "village of homes," a kind of fatherly and motherly protection for their poor. Do you suppose that such a benefited people would care to go upon strikes? No; for they could see that it would be against their own interests, for no capitalists, without injury to their business, could afford to give all their employes wages sufficient to insure them the same amount of comforts and pleasures that the associations could.

Our laboring poor are too proud to ask for charity. They go on bearing their burdens as best they may, but often as they look down the vista of life they fear that at the end of it lies an almshouse and a pauper's grave.

Who can measure the blessings of homes thus given to the poor, and the enlargement thereby of *soul wealth* gained by the rich?

Let the poor laborers know that when the day's work is done a home awaits them where they can gather as they go things to make life more pleasant, and you give them an incentive to work with a better will, you buoy up their hearts, and Hope plants her flowers within their souls.

I have great faith in the natural goodness of the human heart, and I believe there are thousands who will be more willing to aid our poor if some plan could be put into operation whereby they could see there was lasting benefit.

Our present system of dealing with poverty is a method which deals with effect, not cause, so the consequence is there is always an incoming tide of want and misery.

The ideas within this article are the leading ones upon which I have written a novel called "The Hempstead Homes; a Supposition," a book I am anxious to get published, but cannot do so without some encouragement in a money way. It is a book for the general public, and holds nothing that can be objected to by any intelligent mind.

Persons who will be willing to purchase one or more at fifty cents a copy (paper cover) can send me their full address on a postal card between now and the first of April; then if it is published I will notify them to that effect.

MRS. S. L. MECRACKEN.

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to consumption are ailments we often deem trivial—a cold and a cough. Consumption thus acquired is rightly termed "Consumption from neglect."

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Author of "Principles of Light and Color."

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CHAPTER THIRD—The Deific Location and Mode of Working.—The Location of Deity. Can Infinitude have a Centre? Does God control the Universe through Law? How does God control the Universe? A. J. Davis's Theory of the God Centre. The Dual Centre of the Universe. Can the Infinitely Fine act upon the Coarse?

CHAPTER FOURTH—The Nature of God.—Is God a Being of Intelligence? Is God a Personal Being? Is God a Being of Absolute Attributes?

CHAPTER FIFTH—The Deific Greatness and Glory.—The Greatness of God. An Angel's Conception of the Universe. The Greatness of God. Anthropomorphism.

CHAPTER SIXTH—Moral Evil and Deific Perfection.—The Perfection of God. Has God created Evil? Is Man depraved? Is anything Innately Bad? Is an endless Hell possible? Is absolute Evil possible under Divine Law? Evolution.

CHAPTER SEVENTH—Deific Law and Human Intercession.—Special Providences. A supposed Miracle of Healing. How God interposes to answer Prayer. Prayer. A Form of Prayer. Does Prayer Influence God? Hudson Tuttle's View of Prayer. The Central Principle of Deific Action. Prof. Wallace's View of Prayer. Prayerfulness is not necessarily Goodness.

CHAPTER EIGHTH—How Men helps Govern the Universe.—Man a Co-worker with God. How spirits control Nations. Human Spirits placed over Worlds. How Spirits assist Planetary Development. Vision of world-forming by Judge Edmonds. Spirits rejoice in this work. Countless worlds yet to be formed. Spirit Worlds developed. Do Mighty Spirits ever thwart God's Purposes? Military Chieftain in Spirit Life. A Miltonic Absurdity.

CHAPTER NINTH—Creeds and Practices of Christianity.—Terrors of Creedal Theology. Churchianic Conception of Hell. A more blessed Gospel. A Brighter Dawn approaching. Science and Religion. Salvation by Faith.

CHAPTER TENTH—The Dangers of Infallible Standards.—Churchianic Infallibility. Infallibility of a Book. A true Eclecticism necessary.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH—The Christian Bible Tested.—Miracles. Modern Miracles of Healing. Prophecies. The Bible tested by its Teachings. Said to be the only Book which gives any correct conception of God. Said to present the only true Foundation of Ethics in the Decalogue. Claims for the Golden Rule, Love to Enemies, etc. Is it safe to build on Falsehood? Has only one Nation been Inspired? Shall we waste time and money on Falsehood? Do numbers prove the Truth of a System? Shall Policy rule?

CHAPTER TWELFTH—Religions Tested by their Fruits.—Church Standards too low. The Atonement contrary to Natural Law. The Fruits of Religious Systems. Some great Points in Buddhism. Mohammedan and Hindoo Achievements. Missionary Achievements. Testimony of a Hindoo. Results of the Parsee Religion. The Parsee Bible. The High Priest of Siam. Catholicism and Buddhism. Present Progress of Mohammedanism. The Religions of to-day Insufficient.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH—The Bibles and Religion of Nature.—A Diviner Bible presented. The sacred Teachings of a Leaf. Of Flowers. Of a Tree. Of a Forest. Lessons from the Shells. The Teachings of Crystallization. Teachings of the Human Form. Of the Great Masses of the Universe.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH—Life under the Old Religions.—Importance of Historic Truth. Roman Catholicism. Influence of Catholicism in Spain. Calvanism. The Five Points of Calvanism. Presbyterianism in Scotland. Puritanism in New England. Persecuting Spirit of the Old Religions. The Spirit of Persecution not yet Dead.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH—Life under a Spiritual Religion.—General Divisions of the Human Faculties. The Higher Realm of the Brain. Spirituality is Ennobling. Spirituality beautifies the Countenance. Must be developed through Spirit Communion. Spirit Communion the Basis of all Religions. Spiritualism founded upon Facts. The only Religion which demonstrates Immortality. Robs Death of its Terror. The most Joy-Inspiring of Religions. Promotes Civil and Religious Freedom. Leads off in Human Reforms. Perfects the Physical System. Prevents Insanity. Prevents Superstition. Leads to Nobler Living. Reveals a Grander Universe. All Great Geniuses have been Inspired. Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus in Spirit Life. Will the New Religion Abolish Churches?

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH—Death under the Old Religions.—Popular Conceptions of Death. Death made terrible through Church Songs. Made Gloomy by Church Materialism. Church Teachings have darkened Death. Death Bed of a Christian. Of an Immoral Man. Of Altamont. Death Scenes under the Old Dispensation. Terrors under the Old to those who lose friends.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH—Death under a Spiritual Religion.—A spiritual Mind is not over-attached to this Life. Departed Ones attract the Spiritual Mind. The Spiritualist understands Death, so does not fear it. Death of an Ancient Philosopher. Death of Mozart. Victor Hugo. Beautiful Death of Mrs. Ward. Prof. Jung Stilling and his Grandfather. Beautiful Incidents in the Deaths of Children. Triumphant Death of a Spiritual Lecturer. Beautiful Death of a Universalist Minister. Joyful Transition of a Friend. Triumphant Experience of a Minister. Dying Experiences of Various Persons. Power to Sustain the Loss of Friends.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

HELP THE NEEDY.

The intense cold weather of the past few weeks has brought with it an emphatic appeal to our charity. Hunger and cold are prowling like wolves around many homes where dying fires are guarded by the shivering forms of men, women and helpless children. The bleak moan of the wintry winds are chanting poverty's wretched wail. The call for aid from suffering fellow-creatures is fiercer and louder than for many years.

Selfish money-sharks, who feed upon misfortune, and steal from human wretchedness, are everywhere taking advantage of our midwinter calamity to reap ill-gotten gains. Soulless corporations, with their well-warmed, high-salaried and overfed officials, are in many instances deaf to the deep undertone of want's fierce call. Our great cities present a more vivid picture of the contrasts in human life than could possibly be drawn where kindly nature is wreathed in the smiles of midsummer's sun. The frost king's reign is harsh over all, but to the poor he is a tyrant more merciless than any monarch who wields the scepter of a throne. This universal calamity brings with it love's opportunity. It is pre-eminently a time to exhibit the nameless wealth of human nature. Never was there greater opportunity to do good to our fellow creatures than now.

Near every home reached by this issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER can be found some worthy object of charity. We entreat our readers to search them out and help them in this time of need. The gifts you bestow, if unselfishly given, will come back to you in after years, bearing blessings. Never stop to ask whether the misfortunes of your neighbor could have been averted. Do not go to the poor and tell them they might have prepared for a winter unexpected to all. Do not chastise by informing them they have squandered money which might have been saved. Do not ask to pray with them that God will provide for their wants; but carry with you coal for the dead fires, food for the hungry mouths; clothes for the half-clad children; and the needed medicines for the sick. Do not add another pang to the drunkard's heart-broken wife by admonishing her of his great fault and her sorrow; but give in the hour of her need, and speak kind words, which shall echo like music through the deserted corridors of her desolate heart.

Remember, reader, the descent from affluence to poverty is quickly made. The millionaire of to-day may be the poor bankrupt of to-morrow, and many a man spends a lifetime hoarding up riches his children scatter and throw away over his unswarded grave. It is only a step from the proud and independent to the helpless and dependent, and there cometh a time in the lives of all when gold will not cool fever's heated breath, or restore faded locks, or wipe from the brow of age time's deep furrows.

The most enduring wealth we can gain is the love and sympathy of our fellowmen. Seeds of charity sown in the soil of calamity are sure to grow into beautiful flowers, the fragrance of which will be nectar to us in all the coming years.

The Arena.

The literary features of *The Arena* for February are a carefully-prepared sketch of the "Life, Character and Work of Charles Darwin," by the editor. A second article in favor of Shakespearan authorship, by Dr. W. J. Rolfe, the eminent Shakespearan scholar. A story by the Canadian poet, William P. McKenzie, entitled "Was It Prophecy?" and a poem entitled "The Minority." This number is rich in the discussions of vital social and economic problems. It contains a number of well-considered and timely religious papers, and some interesting psychical discussions, together with a very interesting paper on "Education and Character-Building," by Prof. J. Rodes Buchanan.

ANIMALS AND MAN.

The Æsthetic Sense and Religious Sentiments in Animals.

In all ages of the world the study of the human characteristics of animals has been one of great interest. Going back to a time much further than history reaches, there is no doubt whatever but this study was carried on then with the same zeal and enthusiasm as now. There are certain characteristics connected with animals that always excite the attention of the savage as well as the wisest sage. A tribe of Indians that once inhabited this country had their animal gods. As the eagle could fly so high in the empyrean that he could scarcely be discerned, those composing this tribe came to the conclusion that there must be one magnificent Eagle-God from which originated all of those eagles which their eye could discern. As a certain snake without legs could run faster than any Indian, they formulated the opinion that there must be one immense Snake-God on which their eye had never rested. As a certain fish could swim up the current and ascend the falls in a manner which the Indian could not accomplish, they, of course, came to the conclusion that there must be one immense Fish-God, ruling over the destinies of all fishes. In a crude way these Indians formed their conceptions of animals and based their idea of a god or gods thereon. We have reason to believe that in all ages these crude conceptions existed, finally to be followed by the investigation of such eminent men as Huxley, Darwin and many others.

Robert Dale Owen relates an extraordinary case, where a dog supposed to be confined to his kennel suddenly appeared in the house. The inmates were greatly surprised at his appearance, for they supposed that he was securely fastened in his kennel. All at once he disappeared. On going to the kennel for examination they found the dog, to their great surprise, lying there cold in death. Such extraordinary experiences have been common throughout the world during the past half century.

To the Spiritualist particularly the study of animals, their habits and the various manifestations of their nature, is of great and abiding interest. Prof. E. P. Evans has an article in a late *Popular Science Monthly* on the "Æsthetic Sense and Religious Sentiments in Animals." He enumerates the advantages possessed by man, namely: "Hands, speech, and a long and helpless infancy to the use and influence of which are due the extraordinary growth of the human brain in size and complexity, and the corresponding development of intellectual power. In the acuteness of his senses and in many peculiarities of physical structure man is superior to some of the lower animals. He has not, says Prof. Cope, kept pace with other mammals in the development of his teeth, which are thoroughly primitive. His nose is less serviceable than that of the dog. The eagle has far better eyes; the ankle-joint of the sheep is as a piece of mechanism, stronger and less liable to derangement than the corresponding joint in man; the horse's hoof consists of a single compact elastic toe, on which the animal runs, while his heel is carried in the air and never touches the ground, thus attaining the springiness and swiftness of motion beyond the human plantigrade."

There are certainly, as so vividly set forth by Prof. Evans, many points of superiority of animal over the human kind. It is a fact presented by him, that the lower in the stage of existence the animal may be, the less helpless is the infancy of their offspring. In that respect nature is superlatively kind and indulgent. He sets forth that "the babyhood of the anthropoid apes is much longer and helpless than that of the cynopithecoids, the platyrhines, or the lemurs; and the higher the order of the monkeys, the more they resemble man in this respect. Mr. Wallace captured a young orang-outang which had to be fed and cared for like a human infant, lay rolling on the ground with all fours in the air, and could hardly walk when it was three months old; whereas a macacus of the same age seemed to have already acquired full use of its limbs and mental faculties. The long duration of this complete dependence on parental care in the case of the human infant, so far from disproving the doctrine of evolution, furnishes one of the strongest arguments in its favor, since it helps to explain how man gradually attained his intellectual primacy among the primates. The American platyrhines, marmosets and other smaller and ring-tailed monkeys reach maturity in three or four years, whereas the African dog-headed apes require ten or twelve years for their full development, and with the larger anthropoid this period of growth is nearly as long as with human beings."

Thus it is in studying the nature of animals and their relation to human beings we learn many things which seem to indicate that they are entitled to immortality. The return of domestic animals, which have been carried a long distance away, to their former home, indicates a sense far superior to that possessed by man in his highest state of civilization. How often it has been the case that a cat, carried away, closely confined in a bag, a long distance, would find its way back at no distant day to the place of its nativity; but while animals possess this remarkable gift, there is one point to which Prof. Evans alludes which is especially important and which is very suggestive. The thought has been rarely entertained that animals are by nature religious, or that they ever under any circumstances evince a reverential spirit; but it seems that the keener the intellectual discernment of man is, the more beauties he can discover in the animal kingdom. Prof. Evans sets forth that even the religious sentiment, which has been assumed to be the peculiar possession of man, is faintly foreshadowed in the lower animals. The unanimity of opinion among those who have made the most careful study of this subject, and whose views are therefore entitled to the greatest consideration, is quite remarkable. M. A. de Quaterfages, in his *Rapport sur le Progres de l'Anthropologie* (Paris, 1867, p. 85), maintains that "domestic animals are religious, since they readily obey those who appeal to them with the rod or with sugar." In other words, they are amenable to rewards and punishments, doing the will and seeking to win the favor of superior beings on whom they are dependent, propitiating and fawning upon them, creeping and groveling on the ground in abject adoration, in order to assuage their anger or to secure their kind regard. "There is no difference," adds the same author, "between the negro who worships a dangerous animal, and the dog who crouches at his master's feet to obtain pardon for a fault. * * Animals fly to man for protection as a believer does to his god."

"This is precisely the feeling of the savage in respect to the superior skill and power of the civilized man. *Tagata kipini ie Atua*—doctor all the same as God—are the words in which the Moriori, or aborigines of the Chatham Islands, expressed their sense of dependence on a higher agency, whose beneficent workings they perceived but could not comprehend. Among rude tribes the sentiment of devotion to a chief does not differ essentially from that of devotion to a God; the Romans at the height of their civilization paid divine honors to their emperors; and in modern monarchies kings are officially addressed in terms of reverential awe and superlative adulation as all-wise and all-powerful beings, whose favor one cannot sufficiently implore with servile words and suppliant knee.

"The feeling of religious devotion," says Darwin, "is a highly complex one, consisting of love, complete submission to an exalted and mysterious superior, a strong sense of dependence, fear, reverence, gratitude, hope for the future, and perhaps other elements. No being could experience so complex an emotion until advanced in his intellectual and moral faculties to at least a moderately high level. Nevertheless, we see some distinct approach to this state of mind in the deep love of a dog for his master, associated with complete submission, some fear, and perhaps other feelings."

These facts so cogently presented by Prof. Evans illustrate an important point, which it would be well for every one to carefully consider. He has established the fact that animals are reverential beings in precisely the same sense that human beings are. The ignorant Catholic who is held in abject submission to the will of a priest is but little above the dog which prostrates himself before his master and wags his tail with doggish delight. This reverential feeling, so-called, which is manifested by certain animals, has in the process of evolution been projected to a great extent throughout the whole human family. The pliant tool of the priests fears God in precisely the same sense that the dog fears his master. He loves his God after the same style that the dog loves his master. The dog fears his master because he may often subject him to severe punishment. He loves him simply because he is dependent upon him for his food and shelter. Whether, then, there is a different order of reverential feeling than that manifested by animals, is questionable. Reverence is the same whether manifested by a dog or by man. The dog who reveres the master which it can see is undoubtedly superior to the man who has only a crude conception of the God which he cannot see, and worships or reverences that conception. It is possible, however, that the reverential feeling manifested by man will finally be superseded by a higher order of reverence, which will recognize that only which is known to have an existence. To worship a Presbyterian God, a Methodist God, a Hard Shell Baptist God, a Catholic God, or one of the many Gods that have been formulated by the ingenuity of mortal man, is worse than idolatry. Those in the higher spheres of spirit-life "worship," far less probably than those on the lower strata. They have no fear of any God or of any influence that can disturb their existence as spirits, or which can ever annihilate or destroy them. They reverence knowledge and those laws which seem to be allied to Infinity and whose action they can from time to time discern manifesting intelligence.

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Our aim has been, and is now, to do a philanthropic work. The attainment or accumulation of money solely has never been our object. We simply wish to leave the world better than we found it, and if that end is consummated we shall feel that we have not lived in vain. Hence we wish to send broadcast the excellent story appearing in our paper by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. We make this liberal offer: Every new subscriber to our paper will get the first five chapters of the story free. While we are spending our whole time in trying to liberalize the world, we ask each of our readers to canvas their respective localities, and endeavor to find us at least one new subscriber to whom we can impart the light of our paper.

"A Plague on Both Your Houses."

There has recently been, and still continues, quite a ripple of excitement that has stirred Catholic circles, and the ripples have passed beyond, into Protestant and Liberal quarters. It is in the nature of a disagreement, a seeming if not real clash of opposing ideas, between various high ecclesiastics of the Romish church in this country, notably Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, and Archbishop Ireland, of Minnesota. The variance of ideas seems to pertain more especially to the "School question," and the proper attitude of the Catholic church toward public schools and parochial schools.

But this does not seem to be all; nor is it certain, by any means, that the affair is merely a momentary ebullition of ill-feeling that will soon subside, and leave the ecclesiastical waters placid and untroubled, as they are wont to be. Of course the tremendous power of the "head of the church" will be brought to bear to still the tempest and bid the raging churchly tumult cease; but there are indications of a deep-seated, underlying conflict of divergent principles, that may not be calmed entirely, even by the command of "Our Lord God, the Pope" himself, speaking *ex cathedra* from his earthly throne in the Vatican.

The fact seems to be, Archbishop Corrigan represents not merely his own personality, but also, and far more important, a distinct idea of church authority and doctrine. He is an exemplar of that class of Catholics who stand for a strict observance of the letter of the church law, according to the old, conservative, non-progressive ideas of the past.

On the other hand, Archbishop Ireland seemingly possesses more of the spirit of American progress, and would apparently broaden and liberalize the plans of the church to meet the conditions of American society, American thought and American institutions. In consequence, he has been brought into conflict with the representatives of the old non-progressive element, by his advocacy of a school plan which would appear merely to be a modification of the churchly plan of parochial schools.

While these intestine dissensions are troubling the church, it is well that Protestants and Liberals of all shades and classes should not permit themselves to expect or hope for too much in the way of good results therefrom. The old octopus is "cunning," as well as stealthy, and whatever appearance of progressive liberalism it may put on, and however fair may be its promises held out—of one thing we may rest assured, as is attested by the whole history of the church: Rome stands for Rome—not for liberal ideas or progress; whatever appearance she may assume for the time, she now, as in the past and ever, is waiting her opportunity to weaken, undermine and ruin her foes, among which may be reckoned as most obstinate and potent, most obdurate and irreconcilable, free secular public schools and free popular institutions. Let none be deceived. Rome is Rome, and stands only for Romanism and the Romish idea the world over, and forever.

Archbishop Ireland, with all his seeming progressive spirit, is, and will continue to be, above and beyond all things else, a Romanist. He favors his little patent school plan merely because he thinks it will conduce to the welfare of the Catholic church—not at all because he thinks it will extend and strengthen freedom of thought and build popular American institutions. Rome and the welfare of the church is his first thought and desire, as much as it is the first thought and desire of Archbishop Corrigan. There is no trust to be placed in a Romish ecclesiastic, whatever his apparent aims or ideas. Liberals may safely say to these warring archbishops: "A plague on both your houses."

Gave All to the Church.

Jacob Olson, of Milan, Tenn., two hours before he died, a few days ago, in the presence of his physician and lawyer, made the following confession:

"Praying and desiring the prayers of others for mercy upon my wicked soul; on the night of December 16, 1879, I murdered Monroe Erricks and family for his money. I was busted and owed money. It had to come. I entered the house through the kitchen window, crept into the family room, armed with a knife and hatchet. Erricks awoke and started to spring from the bed, when I brained him. He fell upon his wife, awakening her, but one blow silenced her. The little boy awoke screaming for mamma. With hell in my soul I struck the child, dashing out its brains. The money, $500 in paper, was found in an old desk. I leave all my property to the churches."

Why did the midnight burglar and assassin leave his property to the church? He hoped thereby to make peace with heaven, and gain the approbation of the devout. He acted as the great mass of wrong-doers act, and came in at the eleventh hour to gain the promised reward for a full day's labor. He had sent three souls unprepared to hell; but now, by his confession and contributions to the church, he hoped to escape the penalty due for such terrible crimes.

We have in the great Constantine a parallel, whose edicts made Christianity what it is; whose hands were red with the blood of his nearest of kin foully slaughtered by him. When pagan priests refused to accept his expiatory offerings, because his guilt was so great, he turned to Christianity, and all his crimes were obliterated by the atoning blood of Jesus.

The great wealth of the church through all the centuries has come largely from the criminal class, who, in their great distress, as they neared the close of life, instead of making restitution to those whom they had wronged, gave their stolen plunder to the church. And the church has received the blood money, and has piled it up in Vaticans, cathedrals and churches to its eternal shame. And the disgrace still goes on.

Bishop Phillips Brooks accumulated a fortune of $750,000, and nobody ever deserved it more. He gave away large sums in charity, the aggregate probably amounting to more than his estate.

PROF. RUDOLPH BASELY ASSAULTED AT LAFAYETTE, IND.

THE CATHOLIC OCTOPUS.

Trying to Strangle Free Speech.

Its Irish and Italian Renegades at Work.

They Attack Professor Rudolph.

AMERICA THE DUMPING GROUND OF CATHOLIC FILTH IN THE FORM OF HUMAN BEINGS.

Romish Intolerance.

From the present indications of the animus of Rome's slavish minions, as egged on in quiet, underhanded ways by the more responsible ones—priests, "fathers," etc.—in authority over the "common herd," it will soon be a question whether anti-Romanists have any rights which Romanists are bound to respect: more especially as regards free speech and the right to utter one's thoughts in public against Romanism. As an instance in point, of recent occurrence, we present the following account, as taken from the *Daily News* of January 27:

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Jan 26.—Prof. George P. Rudolph, formerly a Catholic priest at Cleveland, O., attempted to lecture at the Opera house this evening under the auspices of the American Protective Association. The speaker's subject was "Why I Left the Romish Church." Soon after opening his discourse a mob broke in a rear door of the house and rushed on the stage and attacked the speaker. Rudolph was knocked down with a club and on rising drew a revolver and fired two shots. This brought a regular fusilade from all parts of the house, which was crowded. A stampede at once ensued, and while screams rent the air, a rush was made for the doors. Many of the women were bruised and thrown down in their efforts to escape. The crowd was finally ejected from the stage, and Rudolph continued his lecture. The sheriff appointed a number of deputies, but they were unable to keep the crowd in the gallery quiet, and the meeting was adjourned. Between fifteen and twenty shots were fired, but no one was hit. A mob waited outside, but, under a strong guard, Rudolph was placed in a close carriage and escorted to his boarding-house.

When the shooting commenced the scene was most exciting. On the stage a furious struggle was in progress, while from all parts of the house could be heard the screams of ladies in their efforts to escape. The majority of the shots were fired on the stage, although several came from the back part of the house over the heads of the audience. The committee which had escorted the speaker to the stage was forced by the onslaught of the mob over the footlights into the audience, but the speaker stood his ground during the struggle. That no one was seriously hurt is marvelous.

One time at least a thousand people were on their feet pushing for the door, while a large crowd was on the outside endeavoring to force an entrance.

After the shooting was over and the speaker resumed his lecture a crowd of at least two thousand people were gathered in front of the opera house, and many threats were uttered as to what would occur when the professor attempted to leave. Rudolph denounced the attack in strong language, but the gallery gods would not allow him to be heard and he was forced to quit.

Before retiring he announced that he would return in a short time and deliver the speech. The excitement is at fever heat over the occurrence, and it is probable a public meeting will be held to take action in the matter. No arrests were made.

Any one who carefully reads the above and reflects thereon, can see the signs of the times. For three years we have been pointing out the rottenness and iniquity of the Catholic church. It is a cesspool of corruption, and a continual menace to our Republic. It would introduce into this country, had it the power, every conceivable method of torture in order to suppress all opposition to its methods. Just think of it, Spiritualists, the slums of Ireland, Italy and Germany, preventing Prof. Rudolph from giving expression to his honest sentiments. Milk-and-water Spiritualists will some time come to the conclusion that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is right in resisting the encroachments of the Catholic church.

"Col." Hallam is mentioned as a probable successor to Senator John G. Carlisle. This is the famous "Mister" Hallam whose unique title was duly conferred upon him by Proctor Knott when Governor of Kentucky.

Russell Harrison has succeeded in adjusting the business complications which resulted in the suspension of the Helena *Journal*, and will resume the publication of that paper in a few days.

The Outlook.

Never before, since the tiny raps a Rochester, N. Y., sounded the advance of modern Spiritualism into this sleepy world of ours, has there been so universal a cry from the spiritually-starved people: "Give us bread."

Never have there been so many well-trained speakers in the field, so earnestly speaking the word of power, from hundreds of rostrums and pulpits; nor so much interest in what they have to say; nor so much quiet, intelligent thinking among those who listen eagerly from time to time to the subjects that rest for their foundation on the utterances and teachings of the unseen; those who, having taken a lesson in advance of their friends in the earth-life, are anxious to give to us who remain behind all they have received.

Never has there been such a demand for books treating on liberal thought, in all its phases; whose reading betokens the great awakening, and its widespread influence.

Never before has there been a PROGRESSIVE THINKER, or anything approaching it, from whose columns its readers are sure of a never-ending supply of the best and freshest views of truth, in all its wonderful mosaic. To those who have the confidence of its editor and publisher, and who know something of the career of the paper from the start, its success from the day of its birth is a mystery, which only the good angels can solve. It was said of the Nazarene that the common people heard him gladly, while those who claimed much in learning and dignity had little use for him or his words. The editor has aimed to make THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to other papers what the Nazarene was said to be to other men, ideally perfect. And first, it is a spiritual paper, in touch with all forms of spirit manifestation.

The majority of its readers have no particular desire to listen to fine-spun theories by psychic research people. They never look over their papers, as soon as they get them out of the office, to see what Professor Crookes, of the Royal Academy, or Mr. Hodgeson, of the Psychic Research Society, have to say about the conditions needed for spirit intercourse with their departed friends.

Their only question is: "Does my dear, darling mother who went hence still live?" "Can she, who loved me s truly, and whom I shall always love with an undiminished affection, tell me something of herself, and her present condition?" "Can my baby, who was so tangled in my heartstrings that she took my heart along, give me just one little token that she lives and waits for mamma's coming over there?" This is what the people crave. The cry of all hearts is: "Will our dead live again for us?"

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER seeks to solve this question, and make the weary waiting of the heart-stricken lighter, by giving them, from the full hearts of the people, all experiences that can shed any light on the subject. While it intends thus to furnish the best home-made bread (no stones) to its readers, it does not expect to leave out entirely the pies, cakes and nuts; in proof, witness its magnificent stories and varied contributions on spiritual themes, from the brightest intellects of the day. Fifty-two numbers make a perfect library of liberal thought, a cyclopedia of spiritual intelligence. Spiritualists, is it not worthy of your kindly thought and word on all occasions, and more important to the publisher, of your subscriptions?

VERGE OF THE UNKNOWN.

An Experiment That Makes Us Ask "What Is Coming?"

W. H. Preece, the chief engineer and electrician to the postoffice, has put up a wire a mile long on the coast near Lavernock and a shorter wire on Flatholm, a little island three miles off in the British channel. He fitted the latter wire with a "sounder" to receive messages, and sent a message through the former from a powerful telephonic generator. That message on the mainland was distinctly heard on the island, though nothing connected the two, or, in other words, the possibility of a telephone between places unconnected by wire was conclusively established. There is a possibility of inter-planetary communication, says the London *Spectator*, a good deal more worthy attention than any scheme for making gigantic electric flashes. We do not know if we can communicate by telephone through the ether to New York or Melbourne with or without cables, but we do know that, if we cannot, the fault is in the generators and sounders, and not in any prohibitory natural law.

Will our habitual readers bear with us for a moment as we wander into another, and, as many of them will think, a supra-sensual region? The thought in a man's brain which causes him to advance his foot must move something in doing it or how could it be transmitted down that five or six feet of distance? If it moves a physical something, internal to the body, why should it not also move something external, a wave, as we all agree to call it, which on another mind prepared to receive it—fitted with a sounder, in fact—will make an impact having all the effect in the conveyance of suggestion, or even of facts, of the audibility of words? Why, in fact, if one wire can talk to another without connection, save through ether—why should not mind talk to mind without any "wire" at all? None of us understand accurately or even as yet approximately, what the conditions are; but many of us know for certain that they have occasionally, and by what we call accident, been present to particular individuals, and that, when present, the communication is completed without cables and mind speaks to mind independently of any machinery not existing within itself.

Why, in the name of science, is that more of a "miracle" than the transmission of Mr. Preece's message from Lavernock to Flatholm?

Humanity to-day is not only on the verge of the unknown, but in some respects beyond it. The chasm has been bridged and intercommunication between the two worlds now exists. The above heading, then, is not appropriate at the present time so far as the two worlds, terrestial and celestial, are concerned. Spirits are daily telegraphing to mortals and making themselves known in a great variety of ways. From a physical point of view, however, the denizens of this earth are now, and always have been, on the verge of the unknown. When one commences to unravel any problem in physics, he is on the verge of the unknown. When he shall have solved that problem, he has passed that verge, and is in the region that was unknown to him previously. The outside world, of course, does not recognize the sublime fact that, at the present time, intercourse between this earth and the different planets exist. We know the topography and physical characteristics of the planet Mars as accurately as we do that of any territory in Africa, when we depend upon the accounts given us by travelers. We are informed by those high in spirit-life that there are methods of communication between different systems of worlds so far apart that it would require many years for a spirit to travel the distance between them. Messages can be transmitted between the two almost instantly.

Signs of Progress.

There are hopeful signs of progress even within the bounds of that great conservator of Calvinistic orthodoxy, the Presbyterian Church, and among these may be reckoned the outspoken utterances of Prof. Brown, of the Faculty of Union Theological Seminary. Prof. Brown was one of Dr. Briggs' counsel and one of his most gritty supporters in the faculty. On the occasion of the ordination of two Presbyterian ministers quite recently Prof. Brown said some things which are almost verbally identical and certainly identical in thought with some of those utterances of Bob Ingersoll which have been most condemned. He declared among other things that no lover of truth could submit to any authority in matters of faith.

"How can I accept anything which I am told to accept without mental abdication? What becomes of freedom of thought, if in my thinking I am a slave? The plea for the rights of mind is valid against all attempts to strangle reason, or against the authority of any Pope, Roman or Protestant, to make his own judgment the standard of faith. I will have no belief in submission."

Ten years ago such an utterance as that would have brought Prof. Brown before the Presbytery. A prominent Presbyterian clergyman says:

"The utterance of Dr. Brown is right, and it indicates the tremendous revolution which is now going on, that he should have felt free to say it. It contains the fundamental doctrine of the Protestant Church, liberty of independent thought, and it has been the perversion of that doctrine by theological authority that has brought about all the dissensions and restlessness which we have seen in recent years."

When dyed-in-the-wool Presbyterian ministers and theological professors dare speak so independently as this—who shall say the world is not moving? And the trend is in the direction of free thought, in its most untrammeled exercise. If this sort of thing continues—and it will continue—it will not be very long till Ingersoll will, in a large degree, find his occupation gone, as a freethought lecturer. His work will have been taken up and absorbed by those who are now accounted his orthodox opponents.

The Romish church has dug up and canonized men whom it had previously persecuted and destroyed;—may we not yet be permitted the pleasure of beholding the orthodox Protestant church carrying offerings to the shrine of Saint Ingersoll?

A Sight for Gods and Men.

A sight for gods and men would be a public discussion between the Georgia "evangelist," Sam Jones, and the world-renowned infidel, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. There is some excitement at Atlanta, Ga., about a proposed lecture by Ingersoll at that place. This has brought out Jones, who is anxious to meet him in joint debate. "If old Bob comes," said Jones, "all I have to say is, that I would like to divide time with him for about two hours, and if I do not make him wipe his bald head more than once, you may have my hat."

"Are you serious?" he was asked.

"Why, of course I am. If Bob Ingersoll makes a date for a lecture in Atlanta, and will agree to divide time with me, I will be on hand, and I tell you it will be worse than a box of monkeys at feed-time."

A debate between an "evangelist" mountebank like Jones and a polished gentleman and orator, like Ingersoll, would afford a fine picture for a comparative study. Ingersoll would carry off the honors in argument and deportment; and Jones would certainly be, "as it were," without competition in "evangelical" claptrap and holy blackguardism.

Is It Blasphemous?

Exodus 22:29, puts into the mouth of "the Lord thy God," the following: "Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits, and of thy liquors: the first-born of thy sons shalt thou give unto me."

Now we can well understand why the Lord wanted grapes, figs, and apples, and we are taught that "strong drink makes a merry heart," but was He cannibalistic and wanted to feed on tender children? That is just exactly what Moloch required; and the valley of Hinnom, bounding Jerusalem on the west, was white with the bones of slaughtered innocents burned on the red-hot arms of the loathsome brazen god; but we had a higher opinion of "our God" than to believe he coveted such sacrifices.

There Is Hope for the Clergy.

The man who sat three weeks in a recent religious convention says that every speaker invariably used the phrase, "It seems to me," in the course of his remarks.—*News Item.*

That is a new phrase for a preacher. In the past the clergy always spoke positively, "God says so, and God knows." "It seems to me" is an expression of doubt. "It may be so, or it may not be so, but to me it seems probalbe." But we must not indulge in too much hope

Deserved Death.

Gibbon, the historian, in his "Notes," mentions his descent in the eleventh degree, from James Fiens, Lord High Treasurer of England, who was beheaded after a mock trial in 1450. The black crimes of which the unfortunate nobleman was guilty were set forth by Jack Cade, the Irish leader of the rebellion, as reported by Shakespeare:

"Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before our forefathers had no other books than the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee who usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

A man who would build paper-mills, set printing presses to running, and talk of nouns and verbs, could he have seen the outcome of their use, and the diffusion of knowledge among the people, to the prejudice of the clergy, of course deserved death; because they inaugurated an era of education and of science where ignorance and priestcraft would have otherwise prevailed.

A Remarkable Undertaking.

According to reports, a Rockford (Ill.) man, one Professor Andrew J. Seymour, who has been before the public as a mind-reader for twenty-three years, has commenced preparations for a feat that will rival that of the fakirs of India. He proposes in June next to go to a place already selected near Rockford, throw himself into a state of insensibility and then be buried. The grave is to be watched by a committee day and night, while a crop of barley is sowed, ripened and harvested over it. He says he has such control over his mind and nervous system that he is confident he can perform the act. He has frequently suspended animation for a long time. His undertaking will be watched with much interest; and if the fakirs of India can perform this wonderful feat, we see no reason why Prof. Seymour may not do it also, provided he understands how.

First Insane Asylum.

Is it not mournful to contemplate that insane asylums made their first appearance in the sixth century, at Jerusalem, to provide homes for the unhappy monks, whose madness was induced by their austere habits, struggling with disease and despair to advance the cause of Christianity? Many of these wretches terminated their lives by suicide. From this time to the present, as statistics abundantly establish, the principal accessions to lunacy have come from the church, or from those who were aspiring to gain ecclesiastical favor. A volume should be written, showing up the horrors of the Middle Ages in the treatment of the insane, made such by the damnable teaching of priests laboring to frighten their victims into the church.

The Way of the Craft.

The students of theology in the Mohammedan faith at Constantinople, who are said to be very numerous, have made themselves so obnoxious to the Turkish government that the Sultan has ordered their removal to distant points in the empire, to the great relief of the business and commercial classes. The study of theology, of whatever form of faith, instead of refining, seems to brutalize the mind. The neighborhoods of theological seminaries are said to suffer far more from the depredations of students than do those seminaries of a literary, classical or scientific character.

Zulieka.

Now is the time to renew your subscriptions for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Zulieka will prove a great attraction to all reflective minds. It is a story founded on facts, and given to her by those high in spirit-life.

Miss Ella Hale, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, has had two remarkable experiences. The first was about five years ago, when in a violent fit of coughing she lost her voice and remained mute. The second was a few days ago, when she coughed with like violence, and recovered the voice that had been missing for years.

W. J. Weeks, of Yaphank, L. I., now 72 years of age, challenges any one in the world to a match at skate-writing, that is, writing words with skates, the sentence to contain not less than 100 words, and to be given out by the judges at the time of the contest. Mr. Weeks remarks that writers say this sort of thing is impossible, but all he wants is a chance to show they are wrong.

GENERAL SURVEY
THE SPIRITUALISTC FIELD—
WORKERS, DOINGS, ETC.

☞Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish long reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done are always acceptable. A great deal can be said of a meeting in a dozen lines, giving a "general survey" only of the glorious work being done.

Geo. H. Smith mentions the great pleasure he derived from listening to two lectures given by Mrs. H. S. Lake, on the rostrum of the Albany Spiritual Alliance. In her discourse on "Nationalism," Bellamy was improved upon. He says: "She is foremost in the ranks of reform in spiritual things; she knows what it is to be in the conflict, and her ideas practically embody all that is good and noble for humanity."

Dr. Juliet H. Severance has just returned from a month's labor in Nebraska, and is open for engagements for February and March. Those wishing her services will address her at once, at her home, No. 2 Warren avenue, Chicago.

H. P. Dryden writes: "The First Society of Spiritualists at Cherryvale, Kansas, holds a meeting every Sunday afternoon. We had a fine lecture today by Bro. Bonney. He has only been investigating four months."

Geo. S. Sanborn, of Aspen, Col., writes: "Our society is in a flourishing condition, under the presidency of J. E. Freeman, whose untiring energy we have to thank. Mrs. Bartholmes gives her splendid tests every Sunday evening this month. We would like to hear from lecturers and test mediums coming this way."

Uriah D. Thomas, M. D., having concluded a most satisfactory engagement at Owosso, Mich., will start for St. Paul and Minneapolis the latter part of February. He desires correspondence with societies, and will make brief engagements to lecture and hold seances in places not too remote from route. Dr. Thomas has done excellent work, and is highly commended as a trance and inspirational speaker and platform test medium wherever he has been engaged. He can be addressed for the present at 264½ East Bridge street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Mrs. Anna Orvis, who is now at Wall Lake, Iowa, writes: "I am running opposition to a Methodist revival here, and though we have zero weather, the mental atmosphere is often at a torrid temperature." Mrs. Orvis is always able to attract attention wherever she lectures, notwithstanding there may be a revival meeting in town. She would like engagements for March and April. Address her at 439 W. Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

E. A. Doty, of Lockport, N. Y., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a welcome guest in a goodly number of homes in our city, and is doing a grand work in educating the people to think for themselves. Our Spiritualist society, known as the 'United Progressive Club,' under the continued ministrations of Mrs. Anna L. Robinson, is in a prosperous and harmonious condition, having nearly doubled its membership in the past year. We wish your readers to know that we are greatly interested in the progress of this work for humanity everywhere, and that we are in line, and keeping step in the forward march toward a brighter and better camping ground for all mankind."

P. Cummings writes from Moline, Kansas, that the dear, good, pious folks of that place recently took special pains to hold meetings of their own at the same hour that Thomas P. Fletcher was to address a Spiritualist meeting, as advertised. They were fearful that some of their lambs might be devoured by the ugly Spiritualist wolf—and certainly the danger is imminent whenever the said "lambs" are allowed to gambol outside, on the green pastures of free thought and investigation. The subject of Mr. Fletcher's lecture was: "Man Physically and Spiritually, and the Extent to Which He Is Responsible for His Actions." He was listened to with marked attention from first to last, giving a very able and philosophic discourse, sparkling throughout with gems of original thought. Mr. Fletcher thinks of going into the lecture-field, and if he does, will add materially to the force of workers already engaged in the cause. He is an inspirational speaker, and has written and published a book on the "Origin, Development and Destiny of Man." Any one desiring to do so can address him at his home, Elk Falls, Kansas. Mr. Cummings says that while Spiritualism has not got much of a start in that part of Kansas, the leaven is working, and it only needs a few such lectures as Mr. Fletcher delivered to bring it out.

Annah M. Calkins writes: "We were attracted toward investigating Spiritualism through the passing on of our little daughter of five summers about a year ago. We have seances in our home—my husband and myself; but we do not seem to progress very rapidly, although we receive some manifestations."

Mrs. N. McCoy, of Pennville, Ind., writes concerning a seance with Mrs. R. W. Bowman. She gave a great many names in full; answered mental questions correctly; described spirit friends; told Mr. McCoy of a letter he had received and the nature of its contents, also other circumstances, all of which were correct. The medium has a little girl, twelve years old, through whom flowers and hands have appeared. The seances are all in light.

Effie T. Josselyn, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "Will you allow me to say to the Spiritualists of Michigan, who have first appealed to Mrs. Foye and then to me to intercede and secure week-day engagements for their localities, that it is impossible on account of ill-health. The work has been carried on here Sundays only by reserving the strength for it. We all regret being unable to comply with these requests, for we know much good could thus have been done; but more can be done by harboring the medium's strength until she can recover entirely. We feel grateful for this month's valuable service in behalf of the society that we have thrown our best effort with, because we know that it is seed sown that can never be lost. Such evidence of life hereafter as has been presented from the rostrum of the Progressive Spiritualists' Society and through this graciously-gifted medium will not be easily forgotten by the many skeptics who have visited our meetings this month."

Joseph Adams lectured last Sunday at Franklin Hall, 68 Adams street. Subject: "Does the Bible Teach Spiritualism?"

Geo. F. Perkins writes from Salt Lake City: "Our public meetings are well attended. We are credited with drawing the largest audiences of any previous medium or lecturer—250 people by actual count at our Sunday meeting."

Will C. Hodge, having just completed a successful two-months' engagement at Rochester, Ind., can now be addressed for future engagements at 315 West Van Buren street, Chicago, Ill.

"Mabel Kline" writes from New Orleans that the Crescent City can boast of a fine test medium at present, in the person of Mrs. M. Waite, of San Francisco, who is doing splendid work, giving tests from the rostrum. Large audiences are attracted to her seances, and many are turned away for want of room. Full names of spirits are given. Mrs. Waite was to give a grand test seance on the evening of the 25th, for the benefit of the Ladies Auxiliary of the New Orleans Association of Spiritualists. G. V. Cordingly, the "poet medium," will be there during February.

E. A. Doty, Secretary, writes: "The steady growth of the spiritual cause in Lockport, N. Y., is a source of much anxiety among our orthodox brethren. Quite recently one of our good Methodist pastors called on Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Dutter, formerly members of the M. E. church, who removed to this city from Ravenna, Ohio, last spring. In answer to his inquiry, he was greatly pained to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Dutter attended the Spiritualist lectures at Mizpah Hall, by Mrs. Anna L. Robinson. He proceeded to denounce mediums and their followers generally, and very soon proved his utter ignorance of the entire subject. Had he known that Mrs. Dutter is an excellent test medium, and that Mrs. Robinson, our trance speaker, is a sister of Mrs. Dutter, possibly he might have been more careful, and shown at least a decent respect for the opinions of others. An excellent literary and musical programme preceded the lecture at Mizpah Hall Christmas evening. The election of officers of the United Progressive Club for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Robert Morland; Vice President, Geo. F. Kittridge; Financial Secretary, Thomas Ryan; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, E. A. Doty; Treasurer, Miss Mary G. Doty."

Thomas Beals, of Schoolcraft, Mich., has good words to say of Mr. Riley, the "farmer medium," of Marcellus, Mich., who, he thinks, should be looked up by honest believers in Spiritualism, so that through him good and truth may be developed. Some have been converted by having their friends materialize—one a prominent citizen of Schoolcraft. His wife materialized, and while he held a slate, his beautiful wife, standing by his side, communicated with him by writing and answering many questions. A party of merchants and business men from Schoolcraft went to Mr. Riley's recently, with a plan fixed up "to catch a spirit." The first one to materialize was the control, a Mr. Benton, who was well-known by many here. He parted the curtains which hung at the folding-doors and presented a slate on which was written "good-evening," and disappeared. In a moment another one came well through the drapery, holding a music-box, which was wound up, and playing. One of the party from this place, well-known and prominent, went forward and took the box, and at the same time grabbed to catch the spirit by the hair, when his hand was stayed above the head of the figure, and there firmly held, while the spirit slowly disappeared. The gentleman's hand was so paralyzed that he rubbed and chafed it for some time. Mr. Riley is a man of delicate health, but good character and good habits.

Rev. James D. Buchanne, M. D., Ph.D., is making matters lively at Joplin, Mo., where he has organized a society of thirty-five members, and has challenged the ministers of the place to public discussion on the "Authority, Inspiration and Authenticity of the Bible," confining himself to history and philosophy for all evidence; also the "Evidence of the Existence of the God of the Bible," and the "Influence of Theology on Civilization." But the pastors are shy of public discussion. He can be addressed at 707 Main street, Joplin, Mo.

D. H. Drushal, of Akron, Ohio, writes: "We are having splendid meetings here. The lectures of Frank T. Ripley are exceedingly fine, and are interesting some of our best people. The tests, as usual, meet the hearty approval of all present. We have organized a society, and are now ready to hear from any and all good speakers. We propose to keep the good work moving, and will leave nothing undone to further the cause of Spiritualism. Mr. R. can be engaged for March, April and May, to lecture and give tests. Address him at 304 Mill street, Akron, Ohio, where he will remain during February."

One of our friends, T. J. McFeron, writes to warn Spiritualists and all others against one Cook, who, it is alleged, together with his wife, is traveling about in Washington State, advertising in flaming posters a "Religious Illustrated Lecture," and making great claims, which are never fulfilled—as all that is shown is merely a few sleight-of-hand tricks, which they claim are equal to the tests given by the best mediums in the world. Our friends will do well to let this Cook serve his hash exclusively to the "religious" people who are usually eager to gulp down everything that pretends to "expose" Spiritualism, and it is little use to warn them.

F. Vogel, M. D., writes that at a public materializing seance held by Mrs. Mabel Aber, of Kansas City, Mo., December 19th, he was called to the cabinet and took a seat there. An elderly lady (his mother), in white garments and with a thin veil over her head, parted the curtain and presently threw the veil over his head also. She conversed with him, patted his head, kissed him several times on his forehead, and finally kissed him on his lips as she said "good bye" and stepped back out of sight. Her mother came next, then an Indian guide, immediately followed by her medium, the late Mrs. Katie B. Morrison, of Boston. Then a lady came, and bringing her face close to his, talked to him in a clear, loud voice, and gave a message for her husband and children. After that a comrade soldier of his own company came and shook his hand heartily.

A. S. Drake writes: "There seems to be a slight mistake in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of January 14 in regard to the early investigations of Mr. A. B. Severance. Mr. S. came twice to my mother's (Mrs. Pound's) house, in Troy Lakes, Wisconsin, attending the table-tippings. Mr. De Ganas lived in our neighborhood and was a member of the circle at that time."

D. L. Claton, of Salt Lake, Utah, informs us that Mrs. J. E. Leonard, who was driven from Helena, Montana, by the M. Ds., and not allowed to heal the sick, is now located in Olympia, Wash., at 301 Union street, and is at her work again. He says that nine years ago the M. Ds. gave him up to die of consumption, but Mrs. Leonard cured him and to day he is a well man, nor has he seen a sick day since he took her medicine. The lady is entitled to this word in her behalf, as the persecution of the bigoted M. Ds. nearly ruined her.

John Coolahan, a farmer living near Victoria, Mo., an Irishman by birth, writes to express his warm appreciation of our paper, which comes to him as "A blessing and a comfort" as well as to thousands of others. He says of No. 164: "The leading paper by Dr. Mendenhall is truth, truth, and is well worth one year's subscription. What a pity the secular papers do not give us such grand intellectual truths. They never try to lift us out of ignorance."

G. B. Ellery, of Aspen, Colo., writes that the cause is fast growing there. The Society is composed of some of the best-thinking people; the leader and president is J. E. Freeman, a man of excellent abilities. Mrs. Bartholmes, of Denver, is speaking and giving tests this month. Her tests are excellent and convincing; at her second meeting she gave over fifty tests, every one being recognized. Mrs. and Miss Bartholmes go to Pueblo, for February, then home.

A pleasant gathering was that on the eve of January 4th to assist in the dedication of the new home of Mrs. D. N. Maxwell, 122½ Oak street, San Francisco, Cal., as mentioned by R. Annie Pitts and W. T. Jones. Mrs. Maxwell, one of our best-known mediums, was very happy in receiving and entertaining her friends, among whom are many progressive, brainy people, of that city. After an invocation by the guides of Mrs. Sarah Seal, and an address beautifully adapted to the occasion, the guides of Mrs. Maxwell responded with a fine discourse, with a cordial welcome. This was followed with songs by Mrs. Morrow and others, recitations and several felicitous speeches by the guides of Mrs. D. N. Place, Mrs. Shriner, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Griffin. Mr. Jones writes, in addition, Dr. Samuel N. Maxwell, who formerly ministered to the First Society of Chicago, and who passed to spirit-life at Philadelphia soon after the Centennial Exposition, comes weekly to the meetings of Mrs. Maxwell's class, he being one of her chief controls, or "Teacher," as he prefers to be called, and he maintains the same zeal and earnestness as of old in presenting the great facts and proofs of continued life beyond the change called death, and the same clear perception of the needs of humanity.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us" is the cry re-echoed from all parts of the land, where souls are hungry and starving—having been fed—lo, these many years,—on the dry husks of orthodox theology, until, spiritually speaking, their skin cleaves to their bones. We have at hand a letter from Mrs. M. E. Travis, of Faribault, Minn. She tells what a joy to her is the "pure, white-souled PROGRESSIVE THINKER—the child of warm, free, loving white souls;" and "how it glows and radiates on the reading-table, among a dozen papers of the world, the husks and chaff, which are flooding the world and filling the heads of our young men with false concepts which eventually turn the readers into husks and chaff. She speaks of the mediums of years ago and their work; but some have passed to spirit-life, and some have removed to other parts, and some are worn out, leaving the laborers few in the great white harvest field. She says: "I am a local medium, and for many years we gave the use of our parlors to hold meetings in, and paid the speakers out of our own purses, when mediums or speakers could be had at reasonable prices. My services as a medium have been given freely to hundreds, till I am no longer able to do my work in a way to reflect credit on the cause. There are four or five places near here where a good working medium could get a hearing." And she closes by offering to "give any good, honest medium a home with us; we have a nice house and everything nice in it and about it." The places she mentions would soon, she thinks, be self-supporting. We hope this item will be the means of bringing help and good to the cause in that region.

W. W. Aber gives an account of his mediumistic experiences, which, he says, came to him unsought, and which he tried, in vain, to repel. The evidences and demonstrations were of a character and under circumstances that made fraud impossible and the idea of hallucination preposterous. In his early investigations he had no thought of ever standing in any professional relation to the subject; but when he became a co-worker with the higher intelligences of the spirit-world, he found that "the greater would include and strengthen the lesser; and that powers which may be used for the good of humanity will not be allowed to be exercised merely in a limited sphere of personal gratification. To me this doctrine of spirit-life is grand and beautiful, it brings so many comforting thoughts. It also brings me into the presence of the innumerable hosts that people the spirit-land. It gives me a consciousness of the great fact of immortality."

Capt. H. Eastman writes: "What we need the most at Mancelona, Mich., is an independent slate-writer or a materializing medium. I would furnish entertainment to any such person if we could get one."

We congratulate the people of Boston in securing the services of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond for February and March. She will lecture in that magnificent temple erected by that Spiritualist philanthropist, Mr. Ayre. The society here grant Mrs. Richmond a leave of absence, with deep regrets. Her friends here are many, and are exceedingly steadfast. Her Boston address will be 170 W. Chester Park.

During February Moses Hull will lecture at Aberdeen, South Dakota.

Mr. Dr. S. S. Allen writes: "My Sunday work is with the Owasso (Mich.) friends for this month. The lectures and tests have been well received and much interest is manifested with a growing attendance."

S. R. Stambaugh, secretary, writes from Chattanooga, Tenn., that the cause is growing rapidly through the ministration of Charles Wesley Peters, who is a talented speaker and organizer, and through whom tests have been given of such wonderful power that skeptics have been convinced and many converts made, both from the orthodox belief and from the Roman Catholic faith. On the evening of January 20th the members and friends presented Mr. Peters with a purse of money, as a token of their appreciation. During the recent cold weather the society supplied from two to four hundred poor people with seventy-five gallons of soup and bread, free of charge. Mr. S. says: "We have an organization here duly incorporated under the name of the Chattanooga Spiritual Association, and its officers are J. W. White, president; T. S. Russell, vice-president; J. R. Stambaugh, secretary; W. A. Weigel, treasurer. We have a good large hall, nicely furnished, that will accommodate two hundred people."

H. M. Bateman, of Clarksville, Texas, thinks if some good lecturer would come there and lecture and describe spirit-friends much good could be done, and the lecturer well remunerated. Summer is the time to do the work to the best effect. Some good speaker and medium should correspond with him.

Alan G. Clarke, secretary, of Dallas, Texas, writes The Texas State Spiritualist association was organized on Monday, January 14, 1893, with twenty-one charter members. The following officers were elected to serve one year: Benj. C. Taber, president; M. L. Hodges, first vice-presidens; J. C. Watkins, second vice-president; J. G. Przedmojshi, third vice-president, Alan G. Clarke, secretary; Claramond W. Watkins, treasurer. Trustees: B. C. Taber, J. C. Watkins, M. L. Hodges, J. G. Przedmojski and A. Clarke. The associatian starts out under exceedingly favorable conditions, and already numbers more than fifty members. Mediums visiting us may now be assured of a cordial welcome; and they certainly will be protected in all their rights as much as any minister or priest. We are chartered under the laws of our state, and now, under the protection of those laws, Spiritualism will have such an awakening as has not been thought of before. Arrangements are now on foot toward holding the first annual camp meeting. The secretary will be glad to hear from mediums of all kinds who may desire to visit Texas.

Mary L. Foss, test medium, of Portland, Me., writes of a seance held by Dr. Chester, materializing medium, at which spirit-forms were seen to materialize and walk around the room, bringing with them beautiful lights and the odor of fragrant flowers. Dr. Chester is holding free circles once a week for investigators, and two circles weekly for development, which are well attended.

Mr. Joseph King, materializing medium, of Pipestone, Mich., has recently been holding seances at Breedsville, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. MacNiven with from twelve to fifteen forms appeared at each seance, most of them being recognized by friends. Many skeptics were convinced that Spiritualism is a truth. Mr. King was always ready to be placed under test conditions. He has a heavy black beard, and when a lady appeared at the curtain the most skeptical were compelled to believe.

G. A. Carr, of Detroit, Mich., writes that Mr. W. J. Church, of Irondale, Ontario, a physical medium, has been giving very successful seances in Detroit for the past two months. The only light is that produced by the spirit-band. Mr. Church allows himself to be tied and nailed to the floor, the knots and nails being sealed and stamped. Mr. Carr positively identified eight members of the band. There is dancing, singing and music on various instruments, by several different members of the band. One evening at a private seance, Mr. Carr and the medium having both hands joined, lights were seen, a bell was carried from the floor, up overhead, rung and dropped; a hand and outlines of an arm to the elbow appeared, their faces were patted, and "good night" was said.

Mrs. M. Summers holds circles Wednesday evenings. Gives sittings daily. She is now located at 374 Bowen Ave.

J. W. Colville, whose lectures have always created interest here, will occupy for the next two months the rostrum of the First Society.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Gone from this uncongenial clime to a better, Mrs. Sarah J. Wollison, who passed to Spirit-life on the evening of January 13, 1893, in the 82d year of her age. She was a kind and congenial companion, a firm believer in a future life. She was known among Shakers as "Sallie Smith," a grand singer. Bro. J. O. Ransom spoke at the service.

JULIA H. JOHNSON.

Hammonton, N. J.

Miss Jennie Smith, an evangelist, has discovered that there is but one Protestant church to 15,000 people in the West Bottoms of Kansas City, and the *Star* suggests that this should tend to add new zeal to the energies of the faithful who are raising money to send light and hope and summer underwear to the heathen on the Upper Congo.

Mr. Lamar when he was in the Senate had as many friends on the Republican side of the Senate as on the Democratic side. He and Roscoe Conkling were boon companions, and it was one of their favorite diversions to meet for a friendly round with the gloves. The Judge was also an excellent swordsman, and he was always happy to take up the foils with any one who pretended to skill in fencing.

Mrs. Mary H. C. Tanner, the only child of Theodore Hook, is living in England, a poor and neglected widow: She is 73 years of age.

EXPERIENCES.

As Given by Judge Rosecrans.

TO THE EDITOR:—As many of your correspondents have written you their experiences while in attendance at the several camp meetings, I propose to do something in that line myself. For the past three years I have been an annual visitor at Mount Pleasant Park, and a more pleasant or enjoyable place I never visited. While there I was treated just as kindly as I could have been were the people all near and dear relatives. How I enjoyed my visit with them I have not words to describe. I think a better or more competent set of officers, or ones more careful for the welfare of others, cannot be found anywhere. But of this I have no doubt you are well aware, so I will give yourself and readers something else to ponder upon.

Last August, before I left home, I went to a racket store and purchased a pair of hinged slates. These slates I took home and had them washed clean, then wrapped up carefully with two newspapers, and wound all over with cord. I then put them, wrapped as they were, into a satchel and took them with me last July, when I attended the camp meeting at Merrimac Island, near St. Paul. While there I had a sitting with Mrs. Ollie Denslow for independent slate-writing. While sitting with closed slates, the medium holding one end of the slates, myself the other, and no pencil between the slates, I received the following message, which I will give as explanatory of what took place at Clinton: "DEAR FATHER:—I am so happy to come and give you a love message from all in the spirit-life. Dear one, ma is hêre and wants me to say you are never alone. When you are doing your work and think you are alone, we are all there with you. Brother Charles and Johnnie keep with you. Oh, how I wish you could see our spirit home where we are all together. What a grand meeting it will be when we meet to part no more in the home above. . . There is so much I could write if I had the time and this medium the strength. . . . Now, dear Pa, be sure and go to Clinton. We will write again through this medium. Now may the angels bless you and keep you until we meet in our own spirit home. This is your own loving FLORA."

Well, I did go to Clinton, and after engaging for a sitting with Mrs. Denslow, whom I found there, I went to my room, took my slates, wrapped as they were, out of my satchel, and together we went to her room and were seated facing each other. She held one end of the slates while I held the other, under a little table with a cloth over it. There was no pencil between the slates. We did not sit more than five minutes, when there were three raps under the bottom of the slates, in response to the question as to whether the writing was finished or not. Then we arose and went down stairs, and in the presence of several persons opened and unwrapped the slates. When they were unwrapped we were all surprised to see written on one of them, in a nice, fine hand, the following communication:

"DEAR FATHER:—Once more I come with joy to greet you, as we promised you at our last meeting we would come and write. You find, dear one, we have kept our promise. While you were at home, one evening I came so near you that you felt my presence and turned around to see who it was near you. There are so many spirits with me to-day, all very anxious to write. If this medium only had the strength you could hear from a great many of your friends, as the conditions are good.

"Dear father, I am so happy to see you doing so much good, bringing so many into the light who are in darkness. Even the thoughts you have penned and sent out over the world have done much good. Keep on, never grow weary, and when the time draws near that you must give up the body, you will find the spirit very near sustaining you and giving you strength to pass through the change called death.

"Mother is right by you, and oh, I do wish you could see her face. We think so much of this instrument through which we come and write to you. Oh, what pleasure it is to spirits to find a medium who is unselfish and true. We can write better this time than ever before. Every time we come we grow stronger.

"Now, dear ones of earth, you will live to see grander manifestations than you have ever seen. In the Spirit-world there are great and grand minds, and just as soon as the people of earth become more spiritual and developed, you will see spirits standing before an audience, speaking, not by controlling a medium, but standing out in the daylight—there will be no need of a dark cabinet or of a medium. Then, and not till then, will you have true and perfect materializations.

"Brother Charles is here. He follows you around everywhere you go, to help you. How dearly we all love you, knowing you to be a just and upright man. Charles says: 'You will have the crown when you get over here.' I am sure you will, if I make it for you. Well, I have taken all the strength this medium has, to write this, and now I must close. I could write all day if some one did not give me the signal to stop. Perhaps sometime I can come again, if this lady will give me another chance. I am not going to say good-bye, for I expect to stay right here and enjoy this camp with you. But all are here and join in blessing my dear father. Charles will write when he can. Your loving daughter, FLORA."

Now this communication was written just as stated, in less than five minutes. It was punctuated and the letters crossed and dotted as the foregoing copy shows. At our next sitting, with the slates wrapped in the same manner, I received a communication from Brother E. V. Wilson, with whom I was quite well acquainted. This communication was copied by Brother Will C. Hodge, who knows that I have stated the truth, as I think he saw all my communications and made a note of some of them. He also kindly furnished me twine to wind around the slates. These communications were also read by Prof. Severance and many others. I had four sittings at which I obtained communications in like manner. Charles, my son, filled one slate with writing and then, in connection with Flora, wrote with a black pencil on a wooden frame of the slate, where the two frames fitted close together. If not intruding on your space I will give his communication as it appears on the slate:

"DEAR FATHER:—I know you think I am waiting a long time before I write to you; but I am just as anxious to come as my sister. But I stand back and let others write first. But I tell you, my dear father, when I see you living in the spiritual all the time here on earth, I want to tell you you will hardly know when you make the change, for your spirit has but little use of the body now.

The only difference, my father, is this, you can see us and take our hands, and you will have the privilege of this here on earth, before you pass over. Your father and mother are here with you now. While I write, there are nine of your spirit friends looking on and wanting me to speak of them, and one of your sisters that has been in spirit-life a long time, who will give her name and write to you as soon as she can do so. I will write to my brothers some other time. Oh father, we are always with you. Your loving son,

CHARLES."

"I will do something new, write with a black pencil now." On one side of the wood of the frame was written: "Father, keep this slate from me; I can see you a bright light in the world."

On the other side of the frame the following lines:

"Angels bless and keep my father,
Let our loving and white hands
Bear thee gently 'cross the river,
Safely into the spirit band.

"Father, we are always with you,
Watching over you day and night;
Some come closer, nearer to you,
Yet we are all right here in sight.

"Your loving daughter, FLORA."

"This is my first poetry, father, and I know you will be surprised."

But you have not space to spare for more at this time. When any one says the medium did this writing or that it was a fraud, Brother Francis, just say to them in the kindest manner possible, that like the Australian boomerang, frauds sometimes fly back and hit the thrower. I would not like for you to say to them they lie, for that would not be gentlemanly, and true Spiritualism abhors everything that is mean.

That this writing proves a loving, invisible intelligence, possessing remarkable powers—forces unknown to mortals, I care not how uninformed they may be is beyond a shadow of a doubt.

May the angels bless these me[illegible] in their grand and noble work[illegible] all the good they can; and, if [illegible] is spared, I hope to meet all my good friends again at Mount Pleasant Park in the year 1893. M. P. ROSECRANS.

DEATH---AND AFTER

From the Standpoint of Lucifer.

Who does not remember the story of the Christian missionary in Britain, sitting one evening in the vast hall of the Saxon king, surrounded by his thanes, having come thither to preach the Gospel of his Master; and as he spoke of life and death and immortality, a bird flew in through an unglazed window, circled the hall in its flight, and flew out once more into the darkness of the night? The Christian priest bade the king see in the flight of the bird within the hall the transitory life of man, and claimed for his faith that it showed the soul, in passing from the hall of life, winging its way, not into the darkness of night, but into the sunlit radiance of a more glorious world. Out of the darkness, through the open window of birth, the life of a man comes to the earth; it dwells for a while before our eyes; into the darkness, through the open window of death, it vanishes out of our sight. And man has questioned ever of religion, Whence comes it? Whither goes it? And the answers have varied with the faiths. To-day, many a hundred year since Paulinus talked with Edwin, there are more people in Christendom who question whether man has a spirit to come anywhence or to go anywhither, than, perhaps, in the world's history could ever before have been found at one time. And the very Christians who claim that death's terrors have been abolished have surrounded the bier and the tomb with more gloom and more dismal funeral pomp than have the votaries of any other creed. What can be more depressing than the darkness in which a house is kept shrouded while the dead body is awaiting sepulture? What more repe[illegible] than the sweeping robes of lustreless crape, and the purposed hideousness of the heavy cap in which the widow laments the "deliverance" of her husband "from the burden of the flesh"? What more revolting than the artificially long faces of the undertaker's men, drooping "weepers," the carefully-arranged white handkerchiefs, and until lately the pall-like funeral cloaks? During the past few years a great and marked improvement has been made. The plumes, cloaks and weepers have well-nigh disappeared. The grotesquely ghastly hearse is almost a thing of the past, and the coffin goes forth heaped over with flowers instead of shrouded in the heavy black velvet pall. Men and women, though still wearing black, do not roll themselves up in shapeless garments like sable winding-sheets, as if trying to see how miserable they could make themselves by the imposition of artificial discomforts. Welcome common-sense has driven custom from its throne, and has refused any longer to add these gratuitous annoyances to natural human grief.—*Lucifer, London.*

ZULIEKA,

A Child of Two Worlds.

Of one thing we are very certain. All should read the story by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond now being published each week in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Everybody will recognize therein an excellent vein of spirituality. When we are publishing something that is eminently good we are exceedingly anxious for everyone to partake thereof. Mrs. Richmond is a medium of rare powers, and her controls are of a high order. The story which she is now writing will interest as well as instruct. There are millions of Spiritualists in the United States who take no Spiritualist paper. We wish to reach them. Whenever you come in contact with one, call his attention to the paper, and convince him that it is his duty to subscribe for it, and thus aid in elevating the world to the higher plane. We are now sending to new subscribers the first five chapters of the story free.

SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE Bible. 144 Propositions, Theological, Moral, Historical and Speculative; each proved affirmatively and negatively by quotations from Scripture, without comment. Price 15 cents.

Mr. Westbrook and the Fair.

TO THE EDITOR:—I had supposed that Mr. Westbrook was at least a liberal-minded man, having been president of the American Secular Union; but I must say I feel surprised at the position he takes in regard to the Sunday closing of the Columbian Fair. One would suppose from reading his articles that he had no idea that anybody had consciences except the Sunday-closing cranks. There is a great variety of conscience in this world. The conscience has been the most dangerous guide in all ages, as well as the best; very dangerous as obeyed by a Torquemada, a John Calvin, or the witch-burners, but fortunate for the race when suffered for by a Giordine Bruno, a Michael Servetus, and all the host of martyrs who have suffered death for justice and humanity!

Mr. W. says it's only a question of expediency. Probably all those old fellows who opposed the declaration of independence were expediencyites! Probably Bruno might have saved his life had he been an expediencyite! The Dark Ages would have been upon us now had everybody been expediencyites. The immortal words, "Give me liberty or give me death," would never have fallen from the lips of Patrick Henry, if he had been an expediencyite. Mr. W. asks: "If the fair is to be opened on Sunday to accommodate the poor, why not make it free on that day?" I would just say, simply because *it could not be afforded!* Does it necessarily follow, that because you give a person one good thing you are under obligation to give another?

Is it expedient in this republic to deny to every man, woman and child the fullest possible opportunity for improvement, morally, physically and intellectually?

Those priests who have been so officious in trying to bring about the closing of the fair on Sundays know that they are only keeping up a hypocritical show of conscience to gain their selfish objects. They know that Sunday is not a holy day. They know one day is no holier than another. Sensible people will not object to Sunday as a holiday.

We think Mr. W. unfortunate in his quotation from Abraham Lincoln: "You can fool all the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time." Now this is our main contention, that the people who advocate Sunday closing are the people who have always been trying to fool all the people all the time.

Yes, Mr. W., they will probably need all [illegible] gate-money, not for money-making, but [illegible] money-reimbursing. There will have been a wonderful outlay of money to provide the fair, and it is perfectly right that reimbursement be realized. The opportunity to see the fair will be a great charity.

An open fair on Sundays is not asked for on the grounds of poverty, but we have *expediency* in our favor; and justice; and common sense.

Those "poor innocent souls," as Mr. W. characterizes the preachers who stand for common sense and justice, are not in need of any tears to be shed in their behalf!

Mr. W. says: "But rest assured that Congress will not undo what it has so wisely done. The lower house may take some compromise action, but the wiser and more conservative Senate will say, *no repeal!*"

Now, is it not a notorious fact that some United States Senators owe more to their money than their brains for election? It is easier to buy a few legislators than to buy the people; besides, the members of the lower house are more in touch with the people, and know best what the people demand.

Conservatism is a pretty good word, but *progress* is a better one. One may imply a hankering after the leeks and onions of Egypt, but the other is looking for the *promised land*—"*Excelsior*" is their watchword!

I hardly think Brother W. is justified in talking dogmatically in regard to the outcome.

Shenandoah, Iowa. H. S. HOLCOMB.

Notes from Marshalltown, Iowa.

TO THE EDITOR:—I see that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is maintaining its position as the most liberal and advanced exponent of spiritual and patriotic thought and action. I must congratulate you upon the success you so much deserve for your fearless stand in support of the truth. "Be just and fear not" is the best ground a journal can occupy. Our cause is daily becoming stronger and more far-reaching in its mission of hope and knowledge. The predictions made in 1886 have been verified in nearly every particular and will be proven correct by 1895, the end of the period covered by the prophesies. The new bands from Summerland who came to the earth in 1891 have shown grand results of their mission in the increase of general interest in spiritual matters, the large number of societies formed and growing, and the greatly-increased development of sensitives all over the world. I rejoice to have been incarnated during this time, that I may be in some degree in the work.

Our Spirit Post Office at my home has done much good work, in readings, diagnoses, answering sealed questions and other ways.

F. Corden White and his genial and able wife are doing good work here this month. Some of his public tests and psychometric readings have not only startled the recipients, but have shaken the dogmatic denizens of our city from their theocratic apathy into something like an interest to know more of the power that can read their lives like the pages of a book. And so it goes, first this one and then his neighbor get their eyes opened to the fact that immortality is no longer an uncertainty of creedal belief, but a grand reality capable of being proven without question.

When a person can grasp the truth of spirit existence, the ties of conjectural religion will loosen, and the desire to know more of the facts soon severs the cord that binds them to exploded dogmas. Our community has received much light and it is driving out the darkened ideas based upon antique superstition and designing priestcraft.

Among the new mediums here is Mrs. Woodrow. She is an able, refined, reliable lady who has exhibited great powers and given much satisfaction by the uniform truth of her manifestations of spirit power.

Another new medium here is Doctor A. L. Abbott, who, with Doctor Boyd, is performing some remarkable cures.

Marshalltown, Ia. E. N. PICKERING.

Mrs. J. B. F. Champlin, of Little Valley, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR:—Another representative Spiritualist has joined the silent millions in the land of eternal bloom. Mrs. Champlin is one of the rare characters that exemplifies her religion in daily life. She has been a helpful presence at the Cassadaga Camp nearly, or quite, every summer since the C. L. F. A. was organized, and we may be sure that she will continue to add her sustaining personality to the works of love and spirituality as long as Cassadaga represents the spiritual philosophy in its ever-widening sphere of knowledge and progressive reform.

She has changed her relations to the matter side of life, but is the same beautiful soul. She had no time for evil gossip or vicious criticism. Jealousy, envy and selfish ambition had no place in her character. She had a kindly feeling and helpful word for all who came within her sphere, and a forgiving apology for all who erred and received the proud world's scorn. The poor who came into her social radius always found a helping hand, even at the cost of her own comfort. Silently and unobserved she carried her religion to the hearts of the weak, weary, sad and desolate in deeds and substantial blessings.

Her life has been, and is, a helpful tonic to weary sensitives; a sustaining light to those who shiver in the miasmas of moral confusion and spiritual doubt and apathy, and a silent power for good to all who struggle with error, either in themselves or with perversions that environ them. She loved the Spiritual philosophy; believed in the varied phenomena as demonstrations of continued life, and lived Spiritual religion—and she lives it still. Her physical influence will be greatly missed in the home so long lighted and blessed by her womanly presence and tangible self, and by those who knew her best at Cassadaga, among whom Mrs. Marion Skidmore may be first, for they were close friends, and in all the trials that tax the mind and heart, in the busy season, when a thousand annoyances unknown to the public wear and weary the devoted workers, the self-poised, generous nature of such a friend as Mrs. Champlin is an inestimable boon.

The funeral rites were held at her late home in Little Valley, N. Y., on Thursday, January 12th, and the light of heaven was sweet and tangible, while tears and tender memories sanctified the hour. Rev. Mrs. Woodworth, pastor of the Congregational Church, is a close friend of the family, and by request of the departed she sang a sweet piece in exquisite taste and full of feeling, and read Father Ryan's beautiful poem in an impressive manner.

Mr. Champlin is a stirring business man, and has been a conspicuous and helpful factor in the development of Cassadaga Camp. They were in Buffalo when the spirit took its leave of the body, and before the Morse telegraph conveyed the news to Little Valley Mrs. Champlin came to her sister, Mrs. Reed, and announced the fact, and expressed her gladness that it was all over, and she was free. Buffalo is, perhaps, sixty miles from Little Valley.

In communicating to her sister she expressed her feelings and sufferings in language peculiarly her own. When Mr. Champlin arrived in Little Valley, and Mrs. Reed related the communication as she received it, Mr. Champlin said it was almost a verbatim transcript of the words she used a little before she left her body. Yet no one heard it but himself, and no word of it had been repeated to anyone. Here is a case of intelligence and facts communicated some sixty miles to a sensitive, before any other communication had passed—even by telegraph.

> Death may steal the form away,
> And leave us weeping at the tomb,
> While love unbars the gates of day,
> And life is robed in radiant bloom.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

The Bird of Fashion.

(Written on seeing a dead bird worn on the head of a gay young lady.)

Think of the bird that is dead,
So silent and nerveless and cold;
Think of what graces your head
With touches of poisonous mold.

Think of the merciless shot
That hushes the song in the air;
Think of the little ones' lot
Bereft of a motherly care.

Think of the measureless pain
That pierces the feathery breast;
Think of the red, burning rain
That sprinkles the bills in the nest.

Think of the desolate brood,
Bedewed with the chill of the night;
Think of the crying for food,
The dying before it is light.

Think what a perish of things
A passion for fashion hath done;
Think of the poor, lifeless wings
That never more play in the sun.

Think of the judgment above
That palls with the sigh of a breath;
Think of the ruin of love
You've wrought by the purchase of death!

—*J. O. Barrett.*

Spread the Glad Tidings.

Each week we are spreading before our readers glad tidings. While doing this work and endeavoring to elevate the world, we ask you to co-operate with us and try to illuminate the minds of those not acquainted with our philosophy by inducing them to subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Remember that we now send the first five chapters of Mrs. Richmond's remarkable story free to every new subscriber.

IMPENDING CONFLICT.

Romanism Is Not a Religion, but an Empire.

A Writer Under the Name of Lubonius Presents Overwhelming Facts

AGAINST ROMANISM AS A RELIGION—HE QUOTES LIBERALLY FROM ROMISH AUTHORITIES AND BY HIS QUOTATIONS CONDEMNS THEM—THE BISHOP OF CHICAGO'S PLOT—CHINIQUY TOO HONORABLE TO ENTER INTO IT—THE "HOLY INQUISITION"—CALL THINGS BY THEIR NAMES.

BROTHER JONATHAN:—The matter presented by "Lubonius" in these columns is of supreme concern to the American people—a matter grown from insignificant beginnings until in the near future it must dominate all other questions; a matter which in a century of national life has fallen from innocence to robust criminality; from safety to immediate and colossal danger; from evolution to revolution. It was first published in that grand paper the *Patriotic American*, of Detroit, Mich., and reads as follows:

(CONTINUED.)

Now that we know the beast, how shall we deal with him? As calling him by his right name was the first step, this must be our second:

2d. Allow no person eligibility to any office in the jurisdiction of these United States, from Poundmaster to President, who has not been educated to American citizenship and its duties in the public schools, and these schools without one taint of sect. No government can afford to place its foes in charge of its forts, and offices are the fortresses of institutions that created them.

3d. Our public schools are the foundation rocks of the Republic. Let no foe of their solidity get into them. Every Romanist, by the declarations of his masters, is a foe of the public school. Keep him out of the position as teacher or any other officer. No enemy of any system has claim to a place in it, for he can be there only to wound and betray.

4th. There is not a Romanist parochial school in this nor any other land which is not a hatchery of treason, for their youth are taught in them that all allegiance is due to a political prince in Italy—not the authorities of the State. Crush them out as you would crush a Turkish, a Russian or German school teaching an equal treason. The time will come, the time is at hand, when you will feel the folly of allowing such institutions to thrive and scatter their poison. Were Rome in the ascendant she would not tolerate your religion for a single hour; you are in the ascendant—do not tolerate her politics; do not allow her conspirators to complete their work so far that the bayonet becomes the only judge who can decide whether America is to be ruled by a handful of priests or a nation of people.

5th. It is not in the capacity of man to render equal allegiance to two powers; especially is this true if these powers are rivals for the same dominion. The papal empire claims jurisdiction of the whole earth; the American government claims jurisdiction of the United States, and, as they are a part of earth, they constitute a province in this exceedingly modest empire. Immigrant Romanists take the oath of allegiance to the government of these United States, in the act abjuring all fealty to every other power, prince or potentate, while native citizens are, in the very nature of things, expected and required to be loyal to the power which, from the cradle to the grave, protects and nourishes them. Yet not a Romanist, native or immigrant, will admit that his first duty is to this government, to which he has pledged that duty by oath. In defiance of honesty, in contempt of truth, the bond which makes society possible; in defiance of oaths and their sacred bonds, he claims that his first and binding allegiance is due to the head of a grasping and unscrupulous despotism, the papal empire, and that empire comforts him with the pretense that it has a sacerdotal soap which will cleanse him of the lie. Such a man is not a citizen; he is a man under the guise of citizenship committing crime against the United States in the interests of another government. What shall be done with him? At all times, and especially in the emergency of war, a government expects the support of all her citizens. You cannot expect his. He will stab you in the back while you are battling a decent foe in front. Shall we wait until the stress of battle comes before disposing of him? No! settle his case now; call him before the Federal courts, and give him this alternative—renounce your allegiance to the papal empire or surrender your ballot. One or the other you must do at once, and without argument. When his treason was discovered we would not leave Arnold in command at the citadel of West Point. Now that your treason is discovered we will not leave you in command at the citadel of our liberty, the electoral poll. This may seem an extreme resort. Extreme it is, but soon or late you will come to it. It may be the verdict of that court where the bayonet sits in judgment, but it will come. Man will never cease to strive for liberty; Rome will never cease to plot against it. The irreconcilable and irrepressible are in the conflict; man or the papacy must go down, never to rise again, and man will not go down.

6th. In order to carry on his point, a Romanist will swear to anything. We have seen him lie once, and under priestly admonitions he will lie for every day in his life, fondly believing that the sacerdotal bath and sacerdotal soap have cleaned them off, when they are only grimed in the deeper. You cannot trust his oath, therefore, some evidence more convincing than words must be given, and the first of these must be the complete reorganization of the church government on republican lines, a structure with its foundation at the bottom and not at the top. Organize as the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian—any Protestant church—is organized, the laity forming the whole substructure—indeed, nearly the whole structure. They build the church and own it; it does not belong to the bishop; they raise all moneys and pay the minister a salary; he, sacred soul, is not permitted to be the priest of God and mammon, too. No officer in this regenerated church shall have a jurisdiction larger than a Methodist bishopric, and from his decision there shall be no appeal except back to the people, and above him no authority, while any violation of these restrictions shall be followed by instant and perpetual banishment. Another evidence of a regenerated heart in this church shall be that no one shall be allowed to perform the functions of a priest before he is solidly and honorably married. He shall be knit into and become an intregal part of society, with loves and hopes and wishes built into its fabric; with sons to educate, to provide for, and wife and daughters to protect against corruption. Not an old bachelor without natural affection, or the sweet bondage of home, nor interest in anything excepting the expansion of that gigantic crime, the papal empire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Materializations.

SHE IS SATISFIED.

TO THE EDITOR:—It has been the greatest desire of my heart for some time past to see for myself a full-form materialized spirit of some one whom I knew in earth-life. I was not tenacious about its being of my own kindred, but some one whose face was familiar to me on this plane of life. I had no doubts of its reality, yet seeing is knowing. As a medium the Angel-world has been able, through my organism, to give evidences that the so-called dead could demonstrate their identity, thereby giving cheer, removing doubts and strengthening hope of a life beyond this to many and many of my brothers and sisters during the last thirty years of my life.

Recently, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, I visited Mr. Riley. I will not give in minute detail all the spirit-forms that I saw while there, as it would call for too much space in your valuable paper, although any form recognized by any other person in the room was fully satisfactory to me, and which I could not doubt, yet when one came that was near and dear to me by the ties of consanguinity and love, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my own dear child, my son, it gave my heart an outburst of gratitude; and when an old neighbor of ours, when we lived up in Kalamazoo county, one whom we had treated, with whom we had visited and associated as a near neighbor for ten years—Horace Copins—could I mistake his familiar face? No! surely not.

Also Dr. Calvin Comstock, that passed away only a few weeks since from South Haven, one with whom we had been intimately acquainted for some three years, who had been converted to the truths of our philosophy while attending my seances while living in South Haven—could I be mistaken? No, I know I was not mistaken. I was not hypnotized, I was not mesmerized, but could recognize them as easily as I could my own husband in a crowd, and it gives me a serene satisfaction, a new impetus to my work, and may my life flow down in endless day with the assurance that

> "Heaven is no lone isle on a boundless main,
> On a brilliant but distant shore,
> Where our loved ones, who are called away,
> Have gone to return no more."

But I must close. I have calls to go to Benton Harbor and St. Joe, to give readings, and may go some time in the future.

REV. MRS. LEVI WOOD.

South Haven, Mich.

She Wants an Explanation.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have just been reading THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and with the other good things it contains I read "Spirit Photography on Trial." Now I would like to ask Brother Mathews how he accounts for the following:

Two gentlemen, perfect strangers to each other (and are so still), went down to Lake Brady Camp last summer, and both had spirit photographs, which they sent to me (each unknown to the other, of course,) by way of a treat, for I have always been looking out for the genuine thing. I knew I could depend on their word. What was my surprise when I saw the same faces on both pictures, same blotches of light and drapery, one the exact counterpart of the other! I saw one of Chase's photographs a little time ago which contained the picture of a little boy who was recognized by the sitter as a baby who had passed on many years ago. Now, Mr. Editor, I am an ardent Spiritualist, but I cannot see through some things, and would be very glad if you or Mr. Mathews can explain it satisfactorily to me. I might say these gentlemen when questioned did not recognize either of the faces around their own.

MAY.

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AN EMINENT MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL SEEKING LIGHT.

Dr. H. V. Sweringen, of Fort Wayne, Ind., is prominent as a liberal thinker. Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., is editor of *The Christian Advocate*, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York. He doesn't seem to be creed-bound, hence is not afraid to ask a question. He addresses Dr. Sweringen as follows:

DEAR SIR:—The book referred to does not take up Spiritualism, though as a student and a medical man it is worth your attention. Its title is "Faith Healing, Christian Science and Kindred Phenomena." It is published by the Century Company, New-York.

I will be obliged if you will write me a brief outline of the kind of phenomena which has satisfied you beyond the least shadow of doubt of the truth of Spiritualism. I have been studying the subject for thirty years; have seen most celebrated phenomena both in Europe and America, and thus far am not satisfied that any phenomena has occurred that is not capable of explanation on natural grounds without assuming the return of the spirits of the dead. Yours truly,

J. M. BUCKLEY.

The above letter elicited the following reply from Dr. Sweringen:

Fort Wayne, Ind., Dec. 12, 1892.

Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D.:

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—Your esteemed favor of the 8th inst., in reply to my inquiry as to whether your recent book had any special bearing upon the subject of Spiritualism, is at hand and I thank you for its contents. The fact that after thirty years of study of Spiritualism, you are, like Oliver Twist, asking for more of its phenomena, bears with it its own comment.

I was born and raised in your church, but drifted with the current of my profession, which, as you are aware, is materialistic and agnostic in its theology. A few years ago, however, I incidentally found myself forming one of a group of skeptics, sitting in a spiritualistic seance at which phenomena were produced that I could *not* "explain on natural grounds without assuming the return of the spirits of the dead."

It is hardly necessary to say that my materialism and agnosticism received a very sudden check which, you will certainly grant, was a most salutary one. I very naturally became intensely interested and at once began at my leisure the study and investigation of the subject. The more I investigated the more assured I felt that Bishop Foster was in error when he penned the following: "However it may awaken surprise, truth demands that we should make the confession that we do not know that death does not end all," a confession with which previously I had been in full sympathy. As time passed I discovered that the subject was greater than I had anticipated; that it had engaged and was still engaging some of the brightest intellects of the age; that thousands of the communicants of our various churches, Protestant and Catholic, were Spiritualists; that Bishop Bowman had preached a sermon a few years ago before a conference of ministers that was regarded by that body as rank Spiritualism; that Rev. Dr. Samuel Watson had left the M. E. church because of his spiritualistic belief; that the odium hitherto attaching to the subject of Spiritualism was rapidly vanishing away, but that a few who were yet afraid and ashamed of it were now posing under the banner of "theosophy," some of the doctrines of which are far more difficult to accept, if not to understand.

You ask me for a "brief outline of the kind of phenomena which has satisfied me beyond the least shadow of doubt of the truth of Spiritualism." Enclosed find a brief history of what I observed, as printed in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of October 15, 1892. While the phenomena therein detailed are not all equally important, they are, nevertheless, equally true and reliable, and as a whole constitute the grounds for the position I have assumed that they are explainable by no known natural law, using the term natural in its ordinary sense. When (if ever) they do become explainable by natural law, why, then, of course, we will have natural law for the proof of a future existence as we have natural law for the proof of many other propositions. We will, however, be no less indebted to Spiritualism for the discovery of that natural law.

I claim to be a truth-seeker rather than a Spiritualist; an interested investigator, unable to explain the phenomena I have observed upon any other hypothesis than the spiritualistic. I am seeking for more light, and as you incline to the belief that these phenomena "are capable of explanation on natural grounds without assuming the return of the spirits of the dead," I beg of you for the sake of science and theology to so explain the tests given in the enclosed clipping.

If these phenomena be explained on natural, physiological grounds, without the intervention of spirits, what are you going to do with ancient phenomena? Whatever natural law will account for slate writing *now*, will account for "the handwriting on the wall" *then*. That which will account for the lifting and moving of tables, pianos, etc., *now*, will account for the rolling away *in the dark* of the stone from the sepulchre, or the unbarring of Paul's prison doors in his time.

Are we not justified as scientists and theologians in accepting the spiritualistic hypothesis as the only rational working basis of investigation of these phenomena? Had any other basis been adopted, such investigation would not have incurred the displeasure of the Christian church, perhaps, but does this fact render such investigation less important? The same privilege you have taken of studying for thirty years these wonderful phenomena, should be granted freely to the laity. It is my experience, however, that the most bitter opposition to the investigation of the subject comes from the pulpit and the pew it controls and influences.

But pardon me, please; I did not intend to argue the question with you. With the hope that you will speedily furnish me an "explanation on natural grounds" for the phenomena I have observed, "without assuming the return of the spirits of the dead," I remain very truly,

Yours for the truth,

H. V. SWERINGEN.

(No reply yet received.)

Through the Air.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

In No. 160 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the writer of this noticed the name of I. N. Richardson, of Kansas, giving publicity to some matter of local interest in the city from which he hails. By a rare coincidence there resides in this city an honest, earnest Spiritualist, whose name is also I. N. Richardson, and who allows no opportunity to pass to let his light shine. Mr. Richardson is the head of an amiable, harmonious and spiritual family, and on this account his spiritual experiences are interesting and varied, and would fill a good sized book should they all be written out. The family are frequent attendants upon the materializing seances of Mrs. Ross, a grand, pure and noble woman, whose name is well-known to Spiritualists throughout the country, and who is one of the best, if not *the* best, and most satisfactory materializing mediums of the day. In the home of Mr. Richardson there resides a widowed lady whose name I will give as Bryant for lack of permission to give it exact. She is also a constant attendant upon Mrs. Ross's seances, and has the most convincing evidence of the presence, at these seances, of her spirit husband, and I myself once saw the two together there, walking and talking naturally, his words being uttered in a strong and natural tone of voice. I have thus introduced the names of Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Bryant for the purpose of preparing the way for an account of a wonderful phenomenon that occurred a few days since as related by Mr. Richardson and corroborated by his family.

In the front room of the upper story Mrs. Bryant has her domicile. One day as she arose from her chair she espied beneath it a gold breast-pin. It did not belong to her, and she took it downstairs to inquire if it was the property of any other person in the house, but no one knew anything about it. The wife of Mr. Richardson then suggested that he take it, fasten it in his coat-collar and go to Mrs. Ross's seance that evening and see if anything would come of it—that is, if any explanation would be made. Evening came and Mrs. Bryant, together with Mr. Richardson's daughter, started off on foot to attend the seance, which was about fifteen blocks away. A little later on Mr. R. took the street-cars, passed the ladies and was the first to meet Mrs. Ross, who on greeting him said: "Why, where did you get my pin? I have missed it for a day or two and have hunted everywhere for it." Mr. R. told his story, and Mrs. Ross told him to keep it, then, and see what would be revealed, if anything. At the seance the form of Mr. Bryant appeared and said that it was he who took the pin and conveyed it to Mrs. Bryant's room, placing it beneath her chair. He said he did it to show them what a spirit could do and give them a test of spirit-power. No member of Mr. Richardson's family had been to Mrs. Ross's for several days, nor had any one from Mrs. Ross's been at Mr. Richardson's home. I had often read of the conveyance of material objects for long distances by unseen forces, but never heard a direct and personal relation of a case before, and have thought it worthy a place in the columns of your phenomenal and excellent paper.

R. D. A.

Washington, D. C.

No Sort of a Jesus.

TO THE EDITOR:—A little family incident came to my knowledge recently which is at once "cute" and so good an illustration of practical enlightenment overcoming dogmatic tradition, that I send it to you.

John is a bright little fellow of five summers, who has attended Kindergarten, owns a pair of roller-skates and a tricycle. He is a regular attendant at an orthodox Sunday-school, and has unbounded faith in his interesting and handsome teacher.

His lesson last Sunday was concerning Jesus when he walked upon the water, which, the teacher said, anyone could do who has full faith, and who looks to God for support.

Johnnie "took it all in," and he went home with a grand resolve that he would duplicate the water-walking miracle.

He quietly slipped into the family bathroom. He put the plug into the bath tub and opened the faucet. While the water was gradually approaching the waste-pipe, he said to himself: "I have faith; God, sustain me. Now I will do it." He buttoned up his coat, tied his shoe-strings, saying again and again: "I have faith; God, sustain me. Here goes."

He mounted the head of the bath-tub, and boldly stepped out upon the miniature lake before him. He did not walk upon the water, but fell headlong into it. His mother heard the splashing, and ran to his rescue, the balance of the family crowding after her. He was taken out of the tub thoroughly drenched and terribly disappointed. Once upon his feet again, he looked dolefully at the bath-tub, cast a sorrowful glance at his clinging and dripping clothes; he looked up into the faces of those around him, and, in a decisive way, said: "Well, that's all right, I tried it; but I ain't no sort of a Jesus—see!"

R. A. CAMPBELL.

A Great Inducement.

The fact that we send the first five chapters of Mrs. Richmond's story free to all new subscribers should add at once ONE THOUSAND new readers to our subscription list. Speak to your neighbors in reference to this liberal offer, and try and get their subscriptions.

Spirit Photography.

TO THE EDITOR:—In THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of Dec. 17th, I notice an article upon which I desire to make a few suggestions and remarks.

First, instead of heading this short article "Spirit Photography on Trial," or spirit mediums on trial, suppose we put the critics, and the "expert" S. W. Fallis, on trial.

Spirit photography is well-established, and has been on trial for nearly twenty years; is as well proven as slate-writing or any other manifestation.

In the summer and fall of 1888, Mr. F. N. Foster and wife were first developed as spirit-photographers, and I know the early history of their work in this phase in Chicago; I know that they were without knowledge, experience, or money at that time, and that some of the best pictures they have ever taken, or that I have ever seen, were taken before they had experience, while they were following unseen spiritual influences. They gave my wife and myself two sittings the first month of their work in this line; the results were two wonderful pictures—one of them confounds the "experts."

As soon as Mr. Howe—the artist on South Paulina street—had developed and finished our two photos, I called in a neighbor to see them. He shook his head, pronounced them wonderful, but thought they were fraudulent, and that an "expert" photographer, a friend of his, could produce them; that the plates were especially prepared in Philadelphia with faces and forms just ready to pop out upon the touch of the "expert," etc. I took in that old plate fad, but said to my friend, I would like said "expert" to make me two or three similar to those taken by the Foster's, and if he was successful I would pay him five dollars each, while I only paid two dollars for Foster's. In about a month or six weeks my friend brought in the pictures, and I then learned who the "expert" was—none other than S. W. Fallis.

The three pictures this "expert" had been experimenting upon were the most crude, dirty-looking, base counterfeits possible to be conceived of; but my friend said not a word about the five dollars each. Why? Because they were such base counterfeits; he palavered some about their appearance alongside of Foster's, and took them away. So much for my experience with "expert" Fallis' pictures.

I will only add that I have some genuine spirit pictures which I have been collecting for about twenty years, and have shown them to photographers all the way from New York to Oregon and California, and with few exceptions, artists have been much interested and expressed themselves as unable to explain or account for them by any knowledge they have of the photographic art.

Mr. Fallis sums up in his explanation in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, of Dec. 17th, as follows:

"Summing all up, in my judgment these two photos are simply chemical tricks—but very poorly done—after the general manner—but not the fine details—of the Foster, Keeler and Stansberry photos."

I now call your readers' attention to an exact report of a *photographic test* made over four years ago in the city of Chicago, in which S. W. Fallis figured as a leader—the "boss;" *he* may have forgotten this *test*, but I have not. He may now wish to rise and explain whether he was "tricked" at that time, or was he playing to "trick" the public. The following is a fac-simile of the paper he signed and made oath to; it tells its own story:

THE TEST.

At the request of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Foster, "Special Photographers," we held a strict test seance with them Nov. 18th, 1888, of which we make the following statement:

On Nov. 17th, 1888, S. W. Fallis, Esq., of 587 West Ohio street, Chicago, Ill., and S. E. W. Martin, Esq., of 37 N. Wood street, Chicago, Ill., purchased of Gayton A. Douglass & Co., of 247 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ills., a box of "seeds;" Nov. 23rd—5x8 dry plates, and one Blair 5x8 feather-weight "holder." The box of plates was thoroughly sealed, wrapped in a package with the holder, and sealed again by Mr. Fallis. This parcel remained in possession of Mr. Martin till the morning of Nov. 18th, 1888, when it was taken to the studio of Mr. X. O. Howe, 18 South Paulina street, where it was examined by Mr. Fallis and found intact as when he last saw it. The box of plates was then opened in presence of all three of us in the said Howe's "dark room," and two plates selected, marked and placed in the said holder purchased by us; one by Mr. Howe and one by Mr. Fallis; the undersigned, with these plates and holder in their possession, at once proceeded to the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Foster, 704 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill., where they proceeded to take two photographs of Mr. Martin in the usual manner, the holder containing the said plates being handled entirely by Mr. Fallis and not at any time in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Foster. The camera, lense, background, room, etc., having been previously thoroughly examined by the undersigned and nothing that would indicate fraud discovered.

After the exposures were made the holder and plates were removed from the camera by Mr. Fallis and taken by the undersigned to the studio of Mr. Howe, where they were "developed" in our presence by Mr. Howe.

They proved to be the same plates which had been privately marked by Messrs. Howe and Fallis.

On each plate beside the head and shoulders of Mr. Martin there appeared three other faces, though indistinct, yet plain enough to satisfy the committee.

In attestation of the truth of the above statements we have hereunto attached our names:

In presence of } S. E. W. Martin, 37 N. Wood st.
James Harris, } S. W. Fallis, 587 W. Ohio st.
R. C. Curtes, } X. O. Howe, 18 S. Paulina st.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 22d day of November, 1888.

James Harris, Notary Public.

Box 328, Chicago. DR. M. E. CONGAR.

No. 1105 McGee street, Kansas City, Mo.

Christianity and Religion.

TO THE EDITOR:—You have given your readers a rare treat in printing the excellent lecture by Dr. Chas. W. Hidden. I can fully endorse his views, excepting his expression concerning Christianity, to which I beg the privilege of a brief reply. He says:

"What the world needs to-day is not Christianity, but the practical exemplification of religion. Christianity and religion are as widely separated as the poles. Christianity brings not peace, but a sword. Religion is the kindly monitor, the wise teacher, the uplifter, friend. The costly churches and towering spires are the outward exemplars of Christianity. They do not breathe the spirit of humility, the soul-inspiring and lofty outpouring of love and good-will, which the early fathers so wisely taught," etc., etc.

If the good brother had substituted "religion" for Christianity, and *vice versa*, in the above, he would have been correct. The term "Christianity" has been stolen by every class of religious denominations, and appropriated to their use to deceive the honest searcher for truth. The old "Mother of Harlots," the Roman Catholic Church, had the audacity to steal the term and apply it to herself, and all her children, the so-called "Protestant Churches," have appropriated the term to themselves; no matter how corrupt, or how far they had wandered from the truth, they would still call themselves Christians, and all the crimes that have ever been committed by these theological thieves have been charged by infidels and sceptics to the great founder of Christianity, when he and his teachings are no more responsible for them than I am for the eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

Christianity is not the cause of all or any part of ancient or modern hypocrisy. What grander principles were ever promulgated than those taught by Jesus? Who ever dared to reverse the customs of man by saying, instead of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:" "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Who was it but his Apostles who commanded that the poor and helpless be looked after, and not permitted to want—commanded that they lay by the first day's earnings for this purpose? Surely Christianity would be a blessing instead of a curse when it would enjoin us to practical charity.

The persecution and suffering occasioned by "Religion" was not the fruit of "Christianity;" for when its founder was murdered by religionists, he did not even experience a feeling of hatred or vengeance, but prayed for them. The same spirit was manifested at the martyrdom of his immediate followers, and when any person charges the religious murder of "heretics" by so-called Christian churches to Christianity, it shows ignorance, or willful misrepresentation of facts.

The magnificent churches and fine displays of religious denominations are the products of Paganism and barbarous, selfish men, and the Church of Rome, with her $5,000,000,000 in wealth and her millions of starving ignorant followers (slaves) was never produced by Christianity—never. If Christianity was the governing principle of American affairs, the "Psalm of Life" would be a fact instead of a fancy.

J. C. MARPLE.

Elm Grove, W. Va.

Schweinfurth Declared a Lunatic.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Jan. 9.—Helen H. Gardner, of New York, an expert on the brain, who visited George Jacob Schweinfurth's heaven for the purpose of making him the basis of future literary work, declares that the man is a lunatic beyond question and not a knave. She declares that many of his followers are of the same kind.

Miss Gardner, the author and novelist, can hardly be recognized as authority to pass on the sanity of any person. Had she given it as her opinion that the pretended Messiah is a monomaniac she would have been endorsed by many persons of the medical fraternity who have given especial attention to diseases of the mind.

There is a wide difference between lunacy and monomania. The one represents insanity on all subjects, with perhaps intervals of reason. The other is only unbalanced on one subject. Religious zealots justly belong to the latter class. We had a striking example in John Brown, of Harper's Ferry notoriety. He was sane on general subjects, but daft on slavery and the wrongs inflicted on the negro.

Mr. Schweinfurth is represented as a clear-headed business man, managing his property affairs with good judgment. He reasons connectedly on all matters, and shows no aberration of mind save on the single subject of his Messiahship, and here is a subject that needs illumination: Are all those persons who have been psychologized by superior minds, as converts at revival meetings—are they not a species of monomaniac? Read understandingly a history of the dancing mania in the Middle Ages before answering this question.

In the writer's opinion Mr. S., being of an unusually sensitive physical and nervous organization, educated and refined, was brought under the psychological influence of Mrs. Spelman, his "godmother in Israel," while yet scarcely out of his teens. He was indoctrinated by her into the belief that he could become "like unto Christ" by his own demeanor. The teaching took root, and the outcome is one of the numberless frauds which has characterized Christianity from its earliest dawn.

We agree with Miss Gardner that Mr. Schweinfurth is not a knave; we cannot, in full possession of so many facts to the contrary, believe him a lunatic, but will compromise with her, and consent to the charge of monomania; and, further, if she will study his early history we are sure she will agree with us that he has been psychologized by a superior mind, and that the false impressions have never been removed.

OMEGA.

Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Spiritual ball is still rolling with us, and again I feel great pleasure in recording the success of the work as done in our society this season; especially so as at the end of this month we shall be called upon once more to resign our beloved pastor, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, for a two months' professional visit to Boston. As a people, these breaks are always painful to us, for we have, perhaps, become almost selfish in our sense of proprietorship where she is concerned; at the same time we recognize that we are but a small corner of the vineyard; that the needs of the world are pressing, and that the precious seed of immortal truth must be scattered broadcast; and we take comfort in the thought that neither time nor distance can separate her from us, for she goes strong in the love of her people, followed by their earnest and united prayers, that peace and sunshine may ever follow her footsteps; that the joy and liberty of believing—nay, rather of knowing the truth, may be the heritage of her hearers, and that she may return to us richly laden with the trophies of a glorious harvest.

The season with us has been an unusually delightful one. Socially we have had many happy hours, and we continue to enjoy that unbroken harmony of brotherly love which has always characterized us as a society. In all branches of the work we have realized the outpouring of the spirit. But in our Sunday service especially has this been the case, for rich and rare as the viands ever are, as placed before us by our guides, it seems this season as though the old wine had been opened, and the cream of the feast spread before us. To say these discourses have been sublime is but feebly to express our true appreciation of their value. Gladly would I signalize and enlarge upon some of them, but where all are equally great it is difficult to discriminate; and it is a peculiarity of the teachings that at the close of each service that particular discourse is always declared by some old hearers the best ever listened to.

Perhaps, however, some of the most wonderful of the utterances given through Mrs. Richmond's instrumentality have been a series of "Spiritual Experiences of Eminent Divines." Of these eight have already been given. They have been wonderful in their expression, and at times the personality of the control has been so apparent that no difficulty has been felt in placing the experience.

Among those declaring their message have been the great reformer, Martin Luther, Calvin, Joseph Priestly, Savonarola, Hosea Ballou, Beecher, Spurgeon and James Guthrie. Many of these stand as beacon lights, warning against the narrowness of creed and dogma; but perhaps the one most worthy of special mention was that of the sainted martyr Savonarola—the experience of a spirit so pure and holy, so full of song and exaltation that we approach even its mention with a feeling of almost sacred awe. These lectures have been intensely interesting, and have attracted large audiences, who have listened almost spellbound, until at the close their pent-up feelings have found vent in rapturous applause. The discourse last Sunday evening by the spirit of the Scotch divine, James Guthrie, was perfectly given in the dialect of his native land.

Our Band of Harmony grows in interest, and continues to attract large crowds. The chief features of these meetings are messages delivered in unknown tongues, and their interpretation by Ouina, the well-known control of Mrs. Richmond.

We are always glad to welcome visiting mediums, of whatever phase, to participate in these exercises, and can always guarantee them a warm and kindly reception.

During the absence of our pastor we expect to listen to Mr. W. J. Colville, who has many warm friends in our society. Upon Mrs. Richmond's return in April, with the World's Fair then upon us, and the influx of visitors this will naturally bring, we look forward to stirring times in Spiritual circles.

Chicago, Ill. MRS. C. CATLIN.

That Cottage at Lake Brady.

TO THE EDITOR:—I was pleased to note, in a late issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, that the friends of Mrs. H. S. Lake purpose building a cottage for her at Lake Brady. This is a good move and in the right direction, as it not only demonstrates the esteem in which she is held as a woman and instrument for the higher powers, but also gives her a home—a place of refuge where she may go at all times for rest and recuperation. Mrs. Lake deserves all that her friends can do for her in this direction. For many years she has labored well, and faithfully she has stood in the forefront for unpopular truths, nor spared herself. Her earnest protest went up from the public platform for many years against the iniquities of the Church of Rome, and all reforms that benefit mankind find in her a friend and advocate. Her ministration at the Spiritual Temple of Boston for the past five years was marked with a faithfulness, integrity and consecration rarely met with; and it seems to me this demonstration upon the part of her friends is but a just recognition of her faithful and efficient labors in the past and present and a merited tribute to her worth as a woman and medium. Then let her friends everywhere, North, East, South and West, show their esteem and good will by donating toward the building of this little home at Lake Brady. All contributions may be sent to Mrs. Thos. Block, No. 319 Huntington avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

The Evolution of The Devil. By Henry Frank. It contains 66 pages, divided into ten chapters, and is gotten up in the best style of pamphlet form. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

THE QUESTION SETTLED

A CAREFUL COMPARISON

—OF—

Biblical and Modern Spiritualism.

By MOSES HULL,

Author of "The Contrast," "Which," "Letters to Elder Miles Grant," "Both Sides," "That Terrible Question," "Wolf in Sheep's Clothing," Etc., Etc.

This book is what its title indicates—"THE QUESTION SETTLED," as a Careful Comparison of Biblical and Modern Spiritualism. We give below only a partial list of the contents of each chapter:

CHAPTER I.—The Adaptation of Spiritualism to the Wants of Humanity—No argument so good as that of Adaptation. Religions must adapt themselves to Men. Religions and Sciences have failed to demonstrate an After-Life. Two contradictory Chains of Thought in the Bible. Law forbidding Consultation with the Dead. Its Effect. Bible Writers in Doubt as to a Future. A Dialogue. Spiritualism convinces a Minister of his Immortality. Dying Minister in Despair. Why this Appetite for a Knowledge of a Future.

CHAPTER II.—The Moral Tendency of Spiritualism.—A Natural Query. Jesus regarded as a Blasphemer and a Devil. Every new System passes an Era of Calumny. Persecution purifies. What Good has Spiritualism done. Opponents unfair. Immorality in the Churches. Religious Systems not responsible for Errors of their Adherents. None Perfect. All are God-makers. Men worship their own Opinions. Shortcomings of Bible Saints. Jewish Church. Testimony of Jeremiah.

CHAPTER III.—Bible Doctrine of Angel Ministry.—A Common Doctrine. Angels are Spirits. Terms "Man" and "Angel." Angel Men visit Abraham, Lot, Joshua. The Host of the Lord. An Angel appears to Gideon; to Manoah's wife; is introduced to Manoah. Writing on the Wall. Daniel a Superior Medium. Gabriel both a Man and Angel. The Stone rolled from the Sepulchre by a Man.

CHAPTER IV.—The Three Pillars of Spiritualism.—Spiritual Platform. Three propositions. Man has a Spiritual Nature. Spirit not Immaterial. Spiritual Man. Sources of Evidence. Biblical Testimony. Elihu. Zephaniah. Papal Decree. Hard Questions. Can not answer all. Spiritual Senses. Blind and Deaf Man. Illustration. Man Double. Two Fathers. Two Sources of Knowledge. Peter awakened. Two Contradictory Histories of Jesus.

CHAPTER V.—The Birth of the Spirit.—All Subjects Important. "Ye must be born again." Nicodemus' Quandary. A Minister's Opinion. Author's Objection. Jesus' Tests. Must be born out of Flesh. Birth of the Spirit a Resurrection. Not of Flesh and Blood. Bible against it (1 Cor. xv.). Natural and Spiritual Body. Opinion of the Woman of Tekoah. Of Job. Of Jesus. Objections answered. Mortal Bodies quickened. Must eat Christ's Flesh.

CHAPTER VI.—Are We Infidels?—Rapid Growth of Spiritualism. The "Mad-Dog" Cry. Charge Ignored. Proceeds from Infidel Hearts. Truths and Errors in the Bible. Dialogue; Minister wants a Bible. All believe Parts, and no one believes All, of the Bible. Illustrative Cases. How shall we decide who the Believers are. The true Test. Works. The Commission. End of the World not yet. Jewish and Christian age. Preaching, Baptism, and Signs go together. Is Christ in the Church?

CHAPTER VII.—Are We Deluded? A Common Cry. Contradictory Positions. Order of Batteries. They fire into each other. "Kettle Story." Result of the Warfare. Dialogue. God and Mediums deceiving the World. Are God and the Devil Partners? Is it just to damn the World for Unbelief. Author loves God more than Bibles. Lying Spirits sent out. Did God do it? Case of Jeremiah and Ezekiel. Ezekiel's Explanation. Spiritualism a Delusion. The Lord coming. Reasoning in a Circle. Wonderful Success of the Opposition (?). Spiritualism will not "down." "Old Splitfoot."

CHAPTER VIII.—Objections Answered.—Objections usually the Result of Ignorance. A British Lord and the Steamboat. Objections to the Telegraph. Objections to Abolitionism. God legislated against [illegible] Necromancy; Definition of. The [illegible] proves Spiritualism. Hebrews inclined to [illegible] Dead for Knowledge. Law indorsed [illegible] This Law abolished. Other Precepts of the Law not binding. Jesus violated this Law. Paul and John violated, and hence deserve death. The Law good in its Place, and for its Time. Men inclined to worship Spirits which communicated. The Jewish Jehovah not an Infinite God. He incited the Jews to Crime.

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The book demonstrates that Christianity and its central hero are mythical; that the whole system is based on fraud, falsehood, forgery, fear and force; and that its rites, ceremonials, dogmas and superstitions are but survivals of so-called paganism. It shows vast research among the records of the past; its facts are mostly gleaned from Christian authority; and no person can read it without instruction and profit, whether he reaches the same conclusions with the author or otherwise. For sale at this office.

GLEANINGS

FROM THE ROSTRUM.

BY A. B. FRENCH.

This work is one that every one should read. It beams throughout with rare gems of thought, practical as well as profound. There is sunshine and beauty in every sentence uttered. The work is dedicated to the author's favorite sister, Sarah French Farr, now passed to spirit-life. Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio, gives an interesting sketch of the author's life.

CONTENTS:

Dedication.
Sketch of the Life of A. B. French.
William Denton.
Legends of the Buddha.
Mohammed, or the Faith and Wars of Islam.
Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon.
Conflicts of Life.
The Power and Permanency of Ideas.
The Unknown.
Probability of a Future Life.
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SEEKING LIGHT!

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To the Editor:—In a recent article on my psychical experiences I gave some of the simpler instances of fact which seemed to convince me that the immortality of the soul, a spiritual world with spiritual beings in it, and the possibility of communion with those beings, are irrefutable, undeniable facts. Phenomena, I believe, interests more people, and so the marvels carries stronger conviction than the plain facts. I will add something in that direct line, giving details and names of persons and places connected therewith, for the possible benefit of those who might become sufficiently interested to follow it up for themselves.

At a sitting with Mr. Frank T. Ripley, the well known Boston medium, in October last, he gave the name of Claude Jones Gillett, Chicago. [illegible]

[illegible]

I mention these incidents that it may be understood that the result of my effort, followed through the different phases of mediumship of three different individuals, who have never met or known each other, in my belief, was not a mere daub upon a canvas.

Only this further: I am as positive in my faith that this portrait was given me through the mediumship of Mr. Campbell and painted by hands not mortal, as a pleasure to my wife and myself, and a joy to our spirit child, and as a further proof that she yet lives, as I am that my own spiritual self, clothed in my own natural self, and no other spiritual or natural self, is at this moment writing this communication to The Progressive Thinker.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

Fenton, Mich.

A Wonderful Cure.

Dr. A. B. Dobson, Maquoketa, Ia.—You without doubt think me either dead or else without gratitude or true appreciation for me. You will no doubt remember me as the man given up to die with a combination of diseases from head to foot, that wrote from Millersville, Kansas, while you were in Florida last winter. Well, I had been suffering with kidney, bladder, lung, head and skin diseases, for nearly six months, and was almost a walking skeleton when I applied to you for help. As the M. D.'s with their accursed drugs had failed to do anything, except to make me worse I had given up all hope of any recovery, when I received your diagnosis (which was very correct) and the box of remedies. I obeyed implicitly your instructions and began to feel improved within forty-eight hours, and by the time my month's treatment was through all my diseases had vanished. Still I should have taken it longer, for I was quite weak. Do you think I had better send for another month's treatment? I know you will be enabled to keep your health good for many years, for such a healer as you are is truly a blessing to humanity. I am most truly thine.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

Eldorad, Mo.

(See ad. in another column.)

Address all letters to San Jose, Cal.

Zulieka.

This story, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, will prove of great value to every spiritualist, and all advanced minds. Make some progressive friend a present of the paper for three months, and thus aid in the good work.

A QUESTION.

Continued from First Page.

[illegible]

Heaven help us to be vigilant, just and faithful.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Whittier's Faith.

The recent death of the loved American poet, J. G. Whittier, makes everything in regard to his life and belief of very great interest. Rev. J. M. Savage, of Boston, in a recent sermon has, probably, given the best insight into his religious faith of anything now extant. We extract:

I thought I knew what Whittier believed. I have seen him. I have talked with him. But to make assurance doubly sure, I wrote to an intimate and life-long friend of his this week. I will tell you his name, though he is one of the most modest men in the world and would perhaps shrink from my speaking of him here. It is Rev. C. C. Hussey, [illegible]

[illegible]

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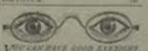

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